

THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA; A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

VOL. I. No. 12.]

MONDAY, JULY 1, 1844.

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TO AUTHORS.

THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and interesting plan of reviewing unpublished MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors unknown to fame to take the opinion of the public and of the booksellers upon the merits and probabilities of success for their works, previously to incurring the cost of publication. For this purpose, the following rules are to be observed.

The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815. By Captain WILLIAM SIBORNE.

In 2 vols. London. 1844.

This is one of those books which a reviewer, having less than the ample pages of a Quarterly at command, approaches with almost a feeling of despair, for he is conscious of the impossibility of doing any thing like justice to it within the compass of the half-dozen columns which a weekly or fortnightly journal can devote to it. As a critical review is therefore out of the question in the present instance, we must be content with such a notice of the work as may serve to introduce it to the reader, and probably tempt him to turn to the volumes themselves. The history of the world records no period of equal brevity, so fraught with interest in itself, and in its consequences so important to its contemporaries as well as to posterity, as the six months whose tale is told by Captain SIBORNE.

Bonaparte made his escape from Elba on the 26th of February; on the 20th of March he re-entered Paris amid the enthusiastic greetings of the people. But he did not find the same hearty welcome within the precincts of the court as without. Not a few of his old friends, nay, some of whose fortunes he had been the architect, looked coldly upon him, withheld their aid and counsel, or even played treacherous parts.

It was in such circumstances that the almost superhuman energies and giant mind of the man exhibited themselves in their full development. He undertook to form an empire,—to create an army,—to construct a government,—in the brief space of a few weeks. Between the 1st of March and the 1st of June, he not only conceived but accomplished these magni-

ficent schemes. On this latter day he had gathered round him a marching army of more than half a million, and an organization was nearly completed which would have armed the whole nation, and given him the huge force of two millions and a half of men!

Nor were these mighty preparations unnecessary. All Europe was in motion for his discomfiture; every country was bristling with bayonets. He had to prepare for attacks from all quarters at once—to guard his entire frontier—to animate with his spirit the patriots to whom was confided the guardianship of the keys of the empire. This was the aspect of

FRANCE ARMING.

"It was that of a whole nation buckling on its armour: over the entire country armed bodies were to be seen in motion towards their several points of destination: everywhere the new levies for the line, and the newly enrolled national guards, were in an unremitting course of drill and organization: the greatest activity was maintained, day and night, in all the arsenals, and in all the manufactories of clothing and articles of equipment: crowds of workmen were constantly employed in the repair of the numerous fortresses, and in the erection of entrenched works. Everywhere appeared a continued transport of artillery, waggons, arms, ammunition, and all the material of war; whilst upon every road forming an approach to any of the main points of assembly in the vicinity of the frontiers, might be seen those well-formed veteran bands, Napoleon's followers through many a bloody field, moving forth with all the order, and with all the elasticity of spirit, inspired by the full confidence of a renewed career of victory—rejoicing in the display of those standards which so proudly recalled the most glorious fields that France had ever won, and testifying by their acclamations their enthusiastic devotion to the cause of their Emperor, which was ever cherished by them as identified with that of their country."

On the other side the preparations were on a huge a scale. England sent 100,000 men under the Duke of Wellington; Blucher led almost as many Prussians to the field; De Tolly was advancing with 167,000 Russians; Austria contributed to the fray 50,000 men under the command of Schwarzenberg, 40,000 under the Archduke Ferdinand, and was gathering 120,000 more in Lombardy; while Prince Wrede was advancing from Bavaria with 80,000, supplied by a few of the confederated states of Germany.

Belgium was the point to which attention was turned by the hostile forces, as the spot upon which the first great conflict was to be tried.

There the allied forces were gathered, their numbers being 105,950 men and 212 guns, and thither Napoleon marched to strike the first blow. They occupied a wide range of country, having Brussels for its centre, and on their left lay the Prussian troops under Blucher, in number 117,000.

Napoleon's scheme was to separate the two armies and beat them in detail. His own army was scarcely formed; its numbers were few as compared with those in the field before him. Delay would bring him augmented forces, but it might permit the junction of the enemy, which would be fatal to his plan. He resolved, therefore, with his characteristic daring, to disregard the difference in numerical strength, throw himself upon his fortune and the tried valour of his troops, and strike the blow.

He took the road that lay between the armies, purposing first to attack the Prussians, and when he had vanquished them, to turn upon the British. With amazing sagacity, he so contrived this movement as completely to disguise his real aim. His forces were so disposed that Wellington could not ascertain upon what point the attack was meditated. He was consequently compelled to guard a long line of frontier, and be ready to concentrate his whole force on any one spot at any moment.

On the 15th the first blood was spilled. In the face of Zieten, Napoleon crossed the frontier, and the conflict commenced.

"Towards four o'clock in the morning the engagement began along the line of the Prussian outposts, which were speedily driven in, and forced to retire upon their supports. Zieten, upon discovering the

whole French army in motion, and perceiving by the direction of the advance of its columns, that Charleroi and its vicinity would probably form the main object of the attack, sent out the necessary orders to his brigades. The 1st was to retire upon Gosselies; the 2nd was to defend the three bridges over the Sambre, at Marche-en-Famenne, Charleroi, and Chatelet, for a time sufficient to enable the 1st brigade to reach Gosselies, and thus to prevent its being cut off by the enemy, after which it was to retire behind Gilly; the 3rd and 4th brigades, as also the reserve cavalry and artillery, were to concentrate as rapidly as possible, and to take up position in rear of Fleurus."

Zieten retreated with his face to the enemy, opposing at every point obstacles to progress, in order to gain time for the junction of the armies in his rear. Nor was this good service performed without severe losses. On that first day 1,200 Prussians were left dead upon the field.

In the meanwhile there was activity throughout the entire line of the allies. Blucher began to concentrate his forces; and these were the sagacious movements of our Duke of Wellington:

"The following were the movements ordered by the Duke. Upon the left of the army, which was nearest to the presumed point of attack—Perponcher's and Chassé's Dutch-Belgian divisions were to be assembled that night at Nivelles, on which point Alten's British division (the 3rd) was to march as soon as collected at Braine-le-Comte; but this movement was not to be made until the enemy's attack upon the right of the Prussian army and the left of the Allied army had become a matter of certainty. Cooke's British division (the 1st) was to be collected that night at Enghein, and to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

"Along the central portion of the army—Clinton's British division (the 2nd) was to be assembled that night at Ath, and to be in readiness also to move at a moment's notice. Colville's British division (the 4th) was to be collected that night at Grammont, with the exception of the troops beyond the Scheldt, which were to be moved to Audenarde.

"Upon the right of the army—Stedman's Dutch-Belgian division, and Anthing's Dutch-Belgian (Indian) brigade were, after occupying Audenarde with 500 men, to be assembled at Sottegem, so as to be ready to march in the morning.

"The cavalry were to be collected that night at Ninove, with the exception of the 2nd hussars of the King's German Legion, who were to remain on the look-out between the Scheldt and the Lys; and of Dornberg's brigade, with the Cumberland hussars, which were to march that night upon Vilvorde, and to bivouac on the high road near to that town.

"The reserve was thus disposed—Pictor's British division (the 5th), the 81st British regiment, and Best's Hanoverian brigade (of Cole's division), were to be in readiness to march from Brussels at a moment's notice. Vincke's Hanoverian brigade (of Pictor's division) was to be collected that night at Hal, and to be in readiness at daylight on the following morning to move towards Brussels, and to halt on the road between Alost and Asseche for further orders. The Duke of Brunswick's corps was to be collected that night on the high road between Brussels and Vilvorde. Kruse's Nassau brigade was to be collected at daylight on the following morning upon the Louvain road, and to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice. The reserve-artillery was to be in readiness to move at daylight."

On the same memorable 15th of June, Ney was directed to occupy Quatre Bras and thence to fall upon the rear of the Prussian army, while Napoleon should attack it in front. This order was issued at three o'clock in the afternoon, and within a few hours afterwards an order proceeded from the Duke of Wellington to march on the same spot. And thus closed this portentous day. Its results are well summed up by Captain SIBORNE:

"The result of the proceedings on the 15th was highly favourable to Napoleon. He had completely effected the passage of the Sambre; he was operating with the main portion of his forces directly upon the preconceived point of concentration of Blucher's army, and was already in the immediate front of the chosen position, before that concentration could be accomplished; he was also operating with another portion upon the high road to Brussels, and had come in contact with the left of Wellington's troops; he had also placed himself so far in advance upon this line, that even a partial junction of the forces of the allied commanders was already rendered a hazardous operation, without a previous retrograde movement; and he thus had it in his power to bring the principal weight of his arms against the one, whilst, with the

remainder of his force, he held the other at bay. This formed the grand object of his operations on the morning. But however excellent, or even perfect, this plan of operation may appear in theory, still there were other circumstances which, if taken into consideration, would scarcely seem to warrant a well-grounded anticipation of a successful issue. Napoleon's troops had been constantly under arms, marching, and fighting since two o'clock in the morning, the hour at which they broke up from their position at Solre-sur-Sambre, Beaumont, and Philipville, within the French frontier: they required time for rest and refreshment; they lay widely scattered between their advanced posts and the Sambre; Ney's forces were in detached bodies, from Frasne as far as Marchienne-au-Pont, the halting-place of d'Erlon's corps: and although Vandamme's corps was in the wood of Fleurus, Lobau's corps and the guards were halted at Charleroi, and Gerard's corps at Chatelet. Hence, instead of an imposing advance, with the first glimmering of the dawn on the 16th, the whole morning would necessarily be employed by the French in effecting a closer junction of their forces, and in making their preparatory dispositions for attack; an interval of time invaluable to the Allies, by the greater facility which it afforded them for the concentration of a sufficient force to hold their enemy in check, and to frustrate his design of defeating them in detail."

The next day was to witness the results of these various movements. At two o'clock Ney advanced against Quatre Bras; at three Napoleon began the battle. At this time the British troops were upon the field.

"It was about half-past two, or perhaps a quarter before three o'clock, when the Prince of Orange, whose situation had become extremely critical, as he directed his anxious looks towards that point of the horizon which was bounded by the elevated ground about Quatre-Bras, had the inexpressible satisfaction of recognizing, by their deep red masses, the arrival of French troops upon the field.

"These comprised the 5th infantry division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, and consisting of the 8th British brigade, under Major-general Sir James Kempt, the 9th British brigade, under Major-General Sir Denis Pack, and of the 4th Hanoverian brigade, under Colonel Best. The head of the column, leaving Quatre-Bras on its right, turned down the Namur road, along which the division was speedily drawn up; the British brigades in front, and the Hanoverian brigade in second line. Captain von Rettberg's battery of Hanoverian foot artillery took post on the right, and Major Rogers's battery of British foot artillery on the left of the division. The 1st battalion of the 95th British regiment, commanded by Colonel Sir Andrew Barnard, was despatched in haste towards the village of Piermont, of which it was to endeavour to gain possession.

"The French, on perceiving the arrival of the British infantry, opened a furious cannonade from their batteries, with a view to disturb its formation, while Ney, anxious to secure the vantage-ground of a field which he plainly foresaw was likely to become the scene of a severe contest, renewed his attack upon Gemioncourt, still bravely defended by the 5th Dutch militia. Hereupon, Perponcher, having received an order to advance this battalion along the high road, immediately placed himself at its head, as did also the Prince of Orange himself, who rode up to it at the same moment; but it soon became exposed to a most destructive fire of artillery, from which it suffered an immense loss, while the French infantry succeeded in obtaining possession of the farm, in which they firmly established themselves."

We cannot follow the Captain through his graphic and accurate detail of this great battle. But some scenes from it will exhibit his energetic style to singular advantage.

A DARING FEAT.

"A French lancer gallantly charged at the colours, and severely wounded Ensign Christie, who carried one of them, by a thrust of his lance, which, entering the left eye, penetrated to the lower jaw. The Frenchman then endeavoured to seize the standard, but the brave Christie, notwithstanding the agony of his wound, with a presence of mind almost unequalled, flung himself upon it—not to save himself, but to preserve the honour of his regiment. As the colour fluttered in its fall, the Frenchman tore off a portion of the silk with the point of his lance; but he was not permitted to bear the fragment beyond the ranks. Both shot and bayoneted by the nearest of the soldiers of the 44th, he was borne to the earth, and carried with the sacrifice of his life for his display of unavailing bravery."

The British infantry displayed upon this occasion the characteristic bravery and steadiness which have made them almost invincible. The French cuirassiers had succeeded in rout-

ing the Brunswick hussars, when they came upon the 42nd Highlanders and 44th British with such impetus as to break through the square and throw them into momentary confusion. But they rallied speedily and re-formed, and in vain was the attack repeated again and again.

"To the 42nd Highlanders and 44th British regiment, which were posted on a reversed slope, and in line, close upon the left of the above road, the advance of French cavalry was so sudden and unexpected, the more so as the Brunswicks had just moved on to the front, that as both these bodies whirled past them to the rear, in such close proximity to each other, they were, for the moment, considered to consist of one mass of Allied cavalry. Some of the old soldiers of both regiments were not so easily satisfied on this point, and immediately opened a partial fire obliquely upon the French lancers, which, however, Sir Denis Pack and their own officers endeavoured as much as possible to restrain; but no sooner had the latter succeeded in causing a cessation of the fire, than the lancers, which were the rearmost of the cavalry, wheeled sharply round, and advanced in admirable order directly upon the rear of the two British regiments. The 42nd Highlanders having, from their position, been the first to recognize them as a part of the enemy's forces, rapidly formed square; but just as the two flank companies were running in to form the rear face, the lancers had reached the regiment, when a considerable portion of their leading division penetrated the square, carrying along with them, by the impetus of their charge, several men of those two companies, and creating a momentary confusion. The long-tried discipline and steadiness of the Highlanders, however, did not forsake them at this critical juncture; these lancers, instead of effecting the destruction of the square, were themselves fairly hemmed into it, and either bayoneted or taken prisoners, whilst the endangered face, restored as if by magic, successfully repelled all further attempts on the part of the French to complete their exploit. Their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Macara, was killed on this occasion, a lance having pierced through his chin until it reached the brain; and within the brief space of a few minutes, the command of the regiment devolved upon three other officers in succession—Lieutenant-Colonel Dick, who was severely wounded, Brevet-Major Davidson, who was mortally wounded, and Brevet-Major Campbell, who commanded it during the remainder of the campaign.

"If this cavalry attack had fallen so unexpectedly upon the 42nd Highlanders, still less had it been anticipated by the 44th regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamerton, perceiving that the lancers were rapidly advancing against his rear, and that any attempt to form square would be attended with imminent danger, instantly decided upon receiving them in line. The low thundering sound of their approach was heard by his men before a conviction they were French flashed across the minds of any but the old soldiers who had previously fired at them as they passed their flank. Hamerton's words of command were—'Rear rank, right about face!'—'Make ready!'—(a short pause to admit of the still nearer approach of the cavalry)—'Present!'—'Fire!' The effect produced by this volley was astonishing. The men, aware of their perilous position, doubtless took a most deliberate aim at their opponents, who were thrown into great confusion. Some few daring fellows made a dash at the centre of the battalion, hoping to capture the colours, in their apparently exposed situation; but the attempt, though gallantly made, was as gallantly defeated. The lancers now commenced a flight towards the French position by the flanks of the 44th. As they rushed past the left flank, the officer commanding the light company, who had very judiciously restrained his men from joining in the volley given to the rear, opened upon them a scattering fire; and no sooner did the lancers appear in the proper front of the regiment, when the front rank began in turn to contribute to their overthrow and destruction.

"Never, perhaps, did British infantry display its characteristic coolness and steadiness more eminently than on this trying occasion. To have stood in a thin two-deep line, awaiting, and prepared to receive, the onset of hostile cavalry, would have been looked upon at least as a most hazardous experiment; but, with its rear so suddenly menaced, and its flanks unsupported, to have instantly faced only one rank about, to have stood as if rooted to the ground, to have repulsed its assailants with so steady and well-directed a fire that numbers of them were destroyed—this was a feat of arms which the oldest or best-disciplined corps in the world might have in vain hoped to accomplish; yet most successfully and completely was this achieved by the gallant 2nd battalion of the 44th British regiment, under its brave commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamerton."

And thus closed the day, leaving little for either side to boast in the way of results,

though Ney's plans had been partially baffled and had partially succeeded.

"It was long after sunset, and darkness was sensibly approaching, when Wellington, now that his wings and centre were relieved, in the manner already described, from the severity of a pressure of such long duration, led forward his victorious troops to the foot of the French position. The loud shouts which proclaimed the triumphant advance of his forces on either flank were enthusiastically caught up and responded to by those who constituted the main central line, and who had so nobly and so resolutely withheld and defied the impetuous battle-shock by which they had been so repeatedly and so pertinaciously assailed.

"Ney, convinced of the utter futility, if not imminent hazard, of protracting the contest, withdrew the whole of his forces, and concentrated them on the heights of Frasne, throwing out a strong line of pickets, to which Wellington opposed a corresponding line, having the southern extremity of the wood of Bossu on the right, the inclosures south of Piermont on the left, and Gemioncourt in the centre, for its main supports."

The decisive events of the next day occupy a large portion of these pages, and thither we will not attempt to follow the historian. We have said enough to shew that the work is a valuable contribution to the historical library. Great research has been employed in the collection and authentication of facts; the author has deeply studied the art of strategy; he has consulted the memories of those who were present at the scenes he describes; his style is vigorous and graphic, sustaining the sober tone that should distinguish history from fiction, without degenerating into dulness or dryness, and we have little doubt that these volumes will take a permanent place in British literature.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen. 2 vols. By J. S. COSTELLO. London, 1844. Bentley.

There is a class of books, very uninteresting in its nature with which the present age peculiarly abounds; formed upon a regular system of book-making, and producing in the end a series of volumes, filled, sometimes with useful facts, but generally with a collection of the most unimportant matter, strung together by common-place observations which very often have no reference whatever to the subject in hand. Now, when we do write, it is as well that what we write should have some connection with the subject of our composition. But Miss COSTELLO does not seem to think so; she seizes a title, *Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen*, which certainly excites the curiosity of the reading public, who, in their innocence, hope to find some account of the women who, in the important times of our history, have made themselves famous. But what a disappointment awaits them! As speech is given to conceal thought, so are titles now-a-days bestowed upon books, without reference to their contents. In the present instance we are favoured with a series of "memories" (in courtesy we retain the term), in which not above two or three relate to personages whose names excite a shadow of interest, and about those of whom we would willingly have heard something, nothing of novelty can we meet with; in fact, we may look upon this work as an admirable specimen of the trashy catch-penny class we have named; and in which, to the horror of our gallantry be it said, we grieve to find so many of our female writers indulging. As a specimen of composition, it is unworthy of Miss COSTELLO's abilities; its phraseology is affected, and as for ideas, they are quite out of the question. We can only feel regret that a writer, at other times so pleasant, should have given her name to volumes which we cannot conscientiously recommend to anybody. The subject is a good one, certainly, and, judiciously handled, might have made an attractive work; but, as it is, there never was a duller or more flimsy one.

STANLEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF DR. ARNOLD.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

In our last number we gave a general view of Dr. Arnold's life and character, and we now propose to sketch the principles and practical working of his system of education, and thus

shew how far the prediction of Dr. Hawkins was borne out by the event. At the period of his appointment to the head mastership of Rugby, much dissatisfaction and hostility were felt towards public schools. Some objected to the limited range of instruction afforded by the classical routine; others, especially those unacquainted by experience with large schools, attacked with most plausible arguments the system of fagging; others, with more reason, disliked the frequency of corporal punishment; and the most reflective regarded with dismay their palpable defects as places of Christian education. Dr. Arnold shared in some degree in all these feelings, because he perceived that there was more or less foundation for them all. But he did not forget that school was the place for *education* rather than *instruction*, for teaching how to learn, for fitting the young for after-exertion, rather than filling their heads with mere facts, or cultivating their powers of memory at the expense of those of reflection. He was well aware of the abuses that the system of fagging was liable to, but thoroughly convinced of its excellence when properly carried out. He had a great aversion to punishment for the sake of punishment, but would never admit that it was to be altogether dispensed with. Above all, he deeply deplored the low state of morality at public schools, and longed to make the first attempt at a reformation.

"If I do get it (he wrote, when there seemed little chance of success), I feel as if I could set to work very heartily, and, with God's blessing, I should like to try whether my notions of Christian education are really impracticable, whether our system of public schools has not in it some noble elements which, under the blessing of the Spirit of all holiness and wisdom, must produce fruit even to life eternal."

The unity and earnestness of his character so pervaded and penetrated all the details of the school, that it is difficult to present the different phases of his plan. It is dividing that which was one harmonious whole. To use the words of his biographer—

" His education, in short, it was once observed, amidst the vehement outcry by which he used to be assailed, was not (according to the popular phrase) based upon religion, but was itself *religious*. It was this chiefly which gave a oneness to his work amidst a great variety of means and occupations, and a steadiness to the general system amidst its almost unceasing change. It was this which makes it difficult to separate one part of his work from another, and which often made it impossible for his pupils to say in after life of much that had influenced them, whether they had derived it from what was spoken in school, in the pulpit, or in private. And, therefore, when either in direct religious teaching, or on particular occasions, Christian principles were expressly introduced by him, they had not the appearance of a rhetorical flourish, or of a temporary appeal to the feelings ; they were looked upon as the natural expression of what was constantly implied : it was felt that he had the power, in which so many teachers have been deficient, of saying what he did mean, and of not saying what he did not mean ; the power of doing what was right, and speaking what was true, and thinking what was good, independently of any professional or conventional notions that so to act, speak, or think was becoming or expedient."

We may, however, arrange our remarks under the heads of "Discipline," "Instruction," and "Formation of Character." Corporal punishment he almost at once discarded in the higher parts of the school, confining it principally to moral offences, such as lying, drinking, or habitual idleness; but to the argument that it was degrading, he indignantly replied:—

"I know well of what feeling this is the expression—it originates in that proud notion of personal independence which is neither reasonable nor Christian, but essentially barbarian. It visited Europe with all the curses of the age of chivalry, and is threatening us now with those of Jacobinism. * * * At an age when it is almost impossible to find a true manly sense of the degradation of guilt or faults, where is the wisdom of encouraging a fantastic sense of the degradation of personal correction? What can be more false or more adverse to the simplicity, sobriety, and humbleness of mind, which are the best ornament of youth and the best promise of a noble manhood." (*Journ. Educat.* vol. ix.)

He believed that the surest method of elevating the tone of the school was through the machinery of the sixth form, and of fagging—that is the power given by the supreme authorities of the school to those who having risen to the highest form, will probably be at once the oldest, strongest, and the cleverest: and which power, properly exercised, will secure a regular government amongst the boys themselves, and avoid the evils of lawless tyranny and physical strength. He felt, however, that if the sixth form was bad, the system was most fatal. He aimed, therefore, on the one hand, to inspire them individually with a sense of their responsibilities, to impress on them that what he looked for was, 1st, religious and moral principles; 2ndly, gentlemanly conduct; 3rdly, intellectual ability; and ever supported them in the just exercise of their authority; while, on the other hand, he did away with, or modified much that was harsh and unnecessary in the system of fagging, stopped instantly every attempt to extend their power as a body, was ready to listen to complaints against individuals, and to punish their misconduct, and adopted towards them, as well as the rest of the school, his system of weeding.

Before his election, he had fully expressed his opinion that the duty of a head-master was perseveringly to remove boys who were clearly incapable of deriving good from the school, or whose influence on others was decidedly pernicious. "Till a man learns," he said, "that the first, second, and third duty of a school-master is to get rid of unpromising subjects, a great public school will never be what it must and what it ought to be."

This principle of school-government was most opposed to the current notions both of schoolmasters and parents. The latter thought that they had a vested right to keep their sons at public schools, as long as their conduct was not notoriously bad; and they were naturally incredulous of faults which they had no opportunity of observing, nor would they willingly yield to another the right of judging what was best for their children. In spite, however, of all opposition, and all attacks upon himself, Dr. Arnold steadily pursued the principle, and amid the storm he consoled himself, that "as many boys, and more than he sent away," crowded to the school.

enough; *of course I believe your word.*" And there grew up, in consequence, a general feeling that it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one. And this, above all, was the characteristic feature of the public addresses which he used to make on especial occasions to the boys when assembled in the great school where the boys used to meet, when the whole school was assembled collectively, and not in its different forms or classes. There he spoke to them as members, together with himself, of the same great institution, whose character and reputation they had to sustain as well as he. He would dwell on the satisfaction he had in being head of a society where noble and honourable feelings were encouraged, or on the disgrace which he felt in hearing of acts of disorder or violence, such as in the humbler ranks of life would render them amenable to the laws of their country; or, again, on the trust which he placed in their

His biographer has given several extracts from his letters, shewing from particular instances, that such removals were as much for the protection of the boys themselves, as for the welfare of the school.

The sphere of school-instruction was much enlarged. The old plan of rising in the school by rotation was broken down. Examinations were instituted, prizes and scholarships were given, and such a spirit of industry infused into the school generally, that it was said, and not without some grounds, that the boys were overworked. He paid more especial attention to the historians and philosophers of antiquity, rather than the poets—and to prose composition, which he considered of great importance. 'I will resign my office at once,' said he, 'if I am to remain here as a jailor, I will resign my office at once.' And few scenes can be recorded more characteristic of him than on one of these occasions, when, in consequence of a disturbance, he had been obliged to send away several boys, and when in the midst of the general spirit of discontent which this excited, he stood in his place before the assembled school, and said, 'It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred or one hundred, or of fifty boys, but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.'

tion rather than verse, although he latterly became more a convert in favour of what he once thought "one of the most contemptible prettinesses of the human understanding."

In the selection of subjects for composition he struck a death-blow at all such themes as "*Virtus est bona res*," substituting for them, historical and geographical descriptions, imaginary speeches or letters, etymological accounts of words, or moral and religious subjects, put in an interesting and practical view. He always preferred incorrect exercises with thoughts, to mere verbal accuracy, without, valuing substance rather than the external dress.

History, ancient and modern, was much studied, and attempts made to give modern languages and mathematics a higher place in the

Religion was, however, the Alpha and Omega of his teaching. It was sometimes objected that he aimed at proselytism. In the sense in which this objection was made it was most untrue. His peculiar opinions were kept in the background as much as possible, but no doubt the example of such a combination of intellect and Christian practice, of reason and faith, of bold inquiry and unfeigned humility, led many to think as he did, and to distrust, and shrink back from opinions held by men who, at the same time, were attacking most vehemently, and, in many instances most unfairly, him whom they revered and loved. And we would ask these objectors, whether they would have found equal fault if he had taught nothing earnestly, had produced no deep or lasting impression, had not exhibited anything more than a de-

History, ancient and modern, was much studied, and attempts made to give modern languages and mathematics a higher place in the school business. In these two departments perhaps more than in any other, his love of change was apparent, although it was plain

His published sermons, most of which were preached in the chapel, are the best refutation of the objection and comment upon his whole system. He there unveiled the evils of the school, with a depth of feeling visible to all, and scarcely disregarded by the most careless; he pointed out the seeds of good; he welcomed every sign of improvement; he encouraged the struggling, he roused all at some time or other to think, and many now look back to those Sunday afternoons as, indeed, the blessed times of boyhood. Further, the general influence of his own character produced the most important effects. We will not attempt, for we should assuredly fail, to give this in any words, but those used by Mr. STANLEY:—

"The liveliness and simplicity of his whole behaviour must always have divested his earnestness of any appearance of moroseness and affectation. 'He calls us *fellow*,' was the astonished expression of the boys when, soon after his first coming, they heard him speak of them by the familiar name in use amongst themselves; and in his later days, they observed with pleasure the unaffected interest with which, in the long autumn afternoons, he would stand in the school-field and watch the issue of their favourite games of football. But his ascendancy was, generally speaking, not gained, at least in the first instance, by the effect of his outward manner. There was a shyness, at times, something of an awkwardness in his address, occasioned partly by his natural shyness, partly by his dislike of wasting words on trivial occasions, which to boys must have been often repulsive rather than conciliating; something also of extreme severity in his voice and countenance, beyond what he was himself at all aware of. With the very little boys, indeed, his manner partook of that playful kindness and tenderness, which always marked his intercourse with children; but, in those above this early age, and yet below the rank in the school which brought them into closer contact with him, the sternness of his character was the first thing that impressed them. In many, no doubt, this feeling was one of mere dread, which, if not subsequently removed or modified, only served to repel those who felt it to a greater distance from him. But in many also, this was, even in the earlier period of their stay, mingled with an involuntary, and, perhaps, an unconscious respect inspired by the sense of the manliness and straightforwardness of his dealings, and still more, by the sense of the general force of his moral character; by the belief (to use the words of different pupils) in 'his extraordinary knack, for I can call it nothing else, of shewing that his object in punishing or reproofing, was not his own good or pleasure, but that of the boy,'—in a truthfulness—an *ειλικρινεία*—a sort of moral transparency; in the fixness of his purpose, and 'the searchingness of his practical insight into boys,' by a consciousness, almost amounting to solemnity, that 'when his eye was upon you, he looked into your inmost heart,' that there was something in his very tone and outward aspect, before which any thing low, or false, or cruel, instinctively quailed and cowered.

"And the defect of occasional over-hastiness and vehemence of expression, which during the earlier period of his stay at times involved him in some trouble, did not materially interfere with their general notion of his character. However mistaken it might be in the individual case, it was evident to those who took any thought about it, that that ashy paleness and that awful frown were almost always the expression not of personal resentment, but of deep, ineffable scorn and indignation at the sight of vice and sin; and it was not without its effect to observe, that it was a fault against which he himself was constantly on the watch—and which, in fact, was in later years so nearly subdued, that most of those who had only known him during that time can recall no instance of it during their stay.

"But as boys advanced in the school, out of this feeling of fear grew up a deep admiration, partaking largely of the nature of awe, and this softened into a sort of loyalty, which remained even in the closer and more affectionate sympathy of later years.—'I am sure,' writes a pupil who had no personal communications with him whilst at school, and but little afterwards, and who never was in the sixth form, 'that I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say, that I felt a love and reverence for him as one of quite awful greatness and goodness, for whom I well remember that I used to think I would gladly lay down my life,' adding, with reference to the thoughtless companions with whom he had associated, 'I used to believe that I too had a work to do for him in the school, and did for his sake labour to raise the tone of the set I lived in, particularly as regarded himself.' It was in boys immediately below the highest form that this new feeling would usually rise for the first time, and awaken a strong wish to know more of him. Then, as they came into personal contact with him, their general sense of his ability became

fixed, in the proud belief that they were scholars of a man, who would not be less remarkable to the world than he was to themselves; and their increasing consciousness of his own sincerity of purpose, and of the interest which he took in them, often awakened, even in the careless and indifferent, an outward respect for goodness, and an animation in their work before unknown to them. And when they left school, they felt that they had been in an atmosphere unlike that of the world about them: some of those, who lamented not having made more use of his teaching whilst with him, felt that 'a better thought than ordinary often reminded them how he first led to it; and in matters of literature almost invariably found that when any idea of seeming originality occurred to them, that its germ was first suggested by some remark of Arnold'—that 'still, to this day, in reading the Scriptures, or other things, they could constantly trace back a line of thought that came originally from him, as from a great parent mind.' And when they heard of his death, they became conscious—often for the first time—of the large place which he had occupied in their thoughts, if not in their affections."

Such were some of the leading features of the school-life of Dr. Arnold. His biographer properly says, "What were the permanent effects of his system and influence, is a question which cannot yet admit of an adequate answer, least of all from his pupils." But we cannot conclude this notice without putting before our readers the testimony of Dr. Moberley, the present Head-Master of Winchester, who, differing very widely from him in his political and ecclesiastical opinions, can be little suspected of partiality:—

"Possibly," he writes, after describing his own recollections as a schoolboy, "other schools may have been less deep in these delinquencies than Winchester; I believe that in many respects they were. But I did not find on going to the University that I was under disadvantages as compared with those who came from other places; on the contrary, the tone of young men at the University, whether they came from Winchester, Eton, Rugby, Harrow, or wherever else, was universally irreligious. A religious undergraduate was very rare, very much laughed at when he appeared; and I think I may confidently say, hardly to be found among public school-men, or, if this be too strongly said, hardly to be found, except in cases where private and domestic training, or good dispositions had prevailed over the school habits and tendencies. A most singular and striking change has come upon our public schools—a change too great for any person to appreciate adequately who has not known them in both these times. This change is undoubtedly part of a general improvement of our generation in respect of piety and reverence, but I am sure that to Dr. Arnold's personal earnest simplicity of purpose, strength of character, power of influence, and piety which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying of this improvement into our schools is mainly attributable. He was the first. It soon began to be a matter of observation to us in the university that his pupils brought quite a different character with them to Oxford than that which we knew elsewhere. I do not speak of opinions, but his pupils were thoughtful, manly-minded, conscious of duty and obligation when they first came to college; we regretted, indeed, that they were often deeply imbued with principles which we disapproved, but we cordially acknowledge the immense improvement in their characters in respect of morality and personal piety, and looked on Dr. Arnold as exercising an influence for good which (for how many years I know not) had been absolutely unknown to our public schools.

"I knew personally but little of him. You remember the first occasion on which I ever had the pleasure of seeing him, but I have always felt and acknowledged that I owe more to a few casual remarks of his in respect of the government of a public school, than to any advice or example of any other person. If there be improvement in the important points of which I have been speaking at Winchester (and from the bottom of my heart I testify with great thankfulness that the improvement is real and great), I do declare in justice that his example encouraged me to hope that it might be effected, and his hints suggested to me the way of effecting it.

"I fear that the reply which I have been able to make to your question will hardly be so satisfactory as you expected, as it proceeds so entirely upon my own observations and inferences. At the same time, I have had perhaps unusual opportunity for forming an opinion, having been six years at a public school at the time of their being at the lowest; having then mingled with young men from other schools at the university; having had many pupils from different schools, and among them several of Dr. Arnold's most distinguished ones; and, at last, having had near eight years experience as the master of a school which has undergone, in great measure, the very alteration which I have been speaking of. Moreover,

I have often said the very things which I have here written, in the hearing of men of all sorts, and have never found any body disposed to contradict them."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Highlands of Aethiopia described during Eighteen Months' Residence at the Christian Court of Shoa. By Major W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers. In 3 vols. London, Longman and Co. 1844.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico is especially illustrated in geography, or, to speak more correctly, in ethnology. There are regions upon the earth's surface which Fable and Romance claim as their proper territories, simply because so little is known about them that Imagination has leave to sport there without being too much troubled by the interference of that provoking busy-body—Fact. From time out of mind, Aethiopia has been one of the most favoured of the fancy-peopled lands. The ancients dubbed it an Elysium, and made it the abode of the blessed. Some monkish speculators placed there the Garden of Eden. In the middle ages it was peopled with a mingled array of pygmies, one-eyed men, a race whose ears were big enough to serve for parasols, cannibals, human beings with heads like dogs and tails like apes; though many of these notions were borrowed from the romance of Pliny.

The first approach to any thing like authentic knowledge of this cloud-land was accomplished by the missionaries from Portugal, who astonished the curios in Europe with the news that, in this distant and hitherto unexplored region, there existed, not merely a race of men of human form, but men calling themselves Christians, worshipping the name of the true God; but, it must be confessed, with so much of superstition and Paganism mingled with their Christianity, that it existed in name only. They were expelled by the bigotry of the native priesthood, and a long interval elapsed, during which public curiosity concerning this country slumbered, although it was occasionally remembered by the more ardent promoters of missionary labours; and projects were put forth from time to time for penetrating the obscurity in which it was hidden. BRUCE was the first to recall general attention to it. His perseverance, his toils, his triumphs, the incredulity with which his narrative was received, the persecution to which he was consequently subjected, the subsequent confirmation of almost every one of his statements by travellers who followed in the path he had opened, are too well known to our readers to need repetition.

Ludolf, the Orientalist, was the first to feel an active interest in the opening of this portion of Africa to the blessings of pure Christianity and civilization. Unable to find countenance for his scheme at home, he visited England in 1683, hoping that British enterprise might aid his benevolent designs. He pleaded in vain, and returned disappointed and dejected.

Thenceforth, isolated schemes were occasionally talked of by individuals and submitted to governments, but nothing was done until about four years ago, when the ministry of Lord Melbourne earnestly set itself to the glorious work of African regeneration. With the purpose of establishing a central point from which operations might be commenced with the good-will and concurrence of the native powers, Major HARRIS was, at the beginning of the year 1841, directed to proceed to Shoa, in South Abyssinia, where a monarchy had been recently established, and a court was in existence which it was hoped would be inclined to act in friendship with us, as a measure of self-protection against the power of Upper Abyssinia, from which it had been partially severed by a revolution.

With such unprecedented advantages, com-

bined with an observant eye, a clear and sound-thinking head, and the pen of a ready writer, Major HARRIS has produced a work of extraordinary interest and value; a narrative which will take a permanent place in the library, as the best authority ever yet given to the world on all the subjects to which it relates. It has, moreover, for present readers, the charm of perfect freshness and novelty. The writer's inquiries extend to the minutest particulars of the habits, manners, customs, political and social economy of the people, among whom he was a welcomed visitor. He makes research into their history, sketches the geography, natural history, and botany of the country, and, in brief, leaves no subject unexplored that could add to the completeness of the picture he has undertaken to paint; and most vividly does his graphic touch summon before the mind's eye of his readers the scenes he has witnessed.

The embassy landed at Tagura, and almost immediately found themselves in a desert that extended for more than three hundred miles to the base of a chain of mountains, and which Major HARRIS describes as being "alive only with moving pillars of sand." But even this horrid waste was tenanted by men more savage than beasts, hordes of a tribe having all the vices and none of the virtues of the Bedouin. Two of the party were murdered by these savages in a night attack. A deeply interesting account is given of the sufferings endured in crossing this desert. At its extremity lie the chain of mountains which have been called the Alps of Abyssinia, in whose valleys the travellers found rest and refreshment. This glowing description of them is probably coloured by the contrast between the inhospitable region they had passed and that in which they now found themselves.

"On the elevated plateaux a succession of gentle undulations of pasture and arable land, intersected by green meadows and bare-banked rivulets, rise in endless continuation to the view, undisturbed by a solitary tree. Villages and farm-houses proclaim a country which has long enjoyed the blessings of peace. The craggy mountains rise in magnificent ranges from the centre, divided each by a thousand chasms, in whose depths run clear gushing rills. Tangled bushes and evergreen shrubs diversify the cliffs, many of which are covered with magnificent woods. In every nook and 'coigne of vantage' are to be seen and scented the myrtle, the eglantine, and the jessamine. The intervening slopes, which form the most desirable sites of residence, are clothed in luxuriant crops, and in herbage fed by the oozing streams from above; and at the foot of the range repose the rich and smiling valleys, hid in all the luxuriance of tropical foliage, from the gigantic sycamore, beloved of the heathen Galla, and measuring upwards of forty feet in circumference, to the light and gentle acacia, which distils the much-prized gum."

From the summit of these mountains they obtained a view of the capital of Shoa, and rapidly descending, they approached the gates, of Ankober—such is its name. The Major thus describes

THE METROPOLIS OF SHOA.

"Instantly on emerging from the forest, the metropolis of Shoa, spreading far and wide over a verdant mountain, shaped like Afric's appropriate emblem, the fabled sphinx, presented a most singular, if not imposing, appearance. Clusters of thatched houses, of all sizes and shapes, resembling barns and haystacks, with small green inclosures and splinter palings, rising one above the other in very irregular tiers, adapt themselves to all the inequalities of the rugged surface; some being perched high on the abrupt verge of a cliff, and others so involved in the bosom of a deep fissure as scarcely to reveal the red earthen pot on the apex. Connected with each other by narrow lanes and hedge-rows, these rude habitations, the residence of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, cover the entire mountain side to the extreme pinnacle—a lofty spire-like cone, detaching itself by a narrow isthmus to form the sphinx's head. Heron stands the palace of the Negoos, a most ungainly-looking edifice, with staring gable-ends, and numerous rows of clay chimney-pots, well fortified by spiral lines of wooden palisades, extending from the base to the summit, and interspersed with barred stockades, between which are profusely scattered the abodes of household slaves, with breweries, kitchens, cellars, storehouses, magazines, and granaries."

The embassy found SHELA SELASSIE, the ruler of Shoa, as favourably disposed towards them as they could have desired. He was anxious to encourage intercourse with Europe; his ears were open to advice; he sought information with eagerness, was sensible of the advantages of commerce, willing to improve the condition of his own subjects, and finally concluded a treaty by which foreigners were secured in their persons and properties, and many customs of the country were abandoned in their favour—such as those which forfeited to the monarch the possessions of all foreigners dying within his dominions, which prohibited the wearing of ornaments of value by any subject, and forbade freedom of ingress and egress. But the exertions of the embassy were not confined to benefiting strangers; their humanity was nobly directed to the amelioration of the condition of some suffering classes in the country. They prevailed upon the despot to liberate the prisoners who had been taken in the wars with the Gallas, and who by custom were condemned to slavery, and to abolish the custom of condemning to slavery the children of crown slaves born in marriage with a free subject. But there was in Shoa a more hideous practice even than these, which was overcome with more difficulty, but which they ultimately succeeded in sweeping away:—it was that barbarous one which subjected to perpetual imprisonment all princes of the blood, that the reigning monarch might be secured from the fear of rivals to his throne. Seven of these unhappy beings, whose misfortune it had been to be nobly born, were then in confinement. The king consented to their release, and this was the scene that ensued.

"Stern traces had been left by the constraint of one-third of a century upon the seven unfortunate descendants of a royal race, who were shortly ushered into the court by the state gaoler. Leaning heavily on each other's shoulders, and linked together with chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onward with cramped and minute steps, rather as malefactors proceeding to the gallows-tree, than as innocent and abused princes regaining the natural rights of man. Tottering to the foot of the throne, they fell, as they had been instructed by their burly conductor, prostrate on their faces before their more fortunate but despotic relative, whom they had known heretofore only by a name used in connection with their own misfortunes, and whose voice was yet a stranger to their ears.

"Rising with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, they remained standing in front of the balcony, gazing in stupid wonder at the novelties of the scene, with eyes unaccustomed to meet the broad glare of day. At first they were fixed upon the author of their weary captivity, and upon the white men by his side, who had been the instrument, of the termination—but the dull leaden gaze soon wandered in search of other objects; and the approach of freedom appeared to be received with the utmost apathy and indifference. Immured since earliest infancy, they were totally insensible to the blessings of liberty. Their feelings and their habits had become those of the fetter and of the dark dungeon. The iron had rusted into their very souls, and, whilst they with difficulty maintained an erect position, pain and withering despondency were indelibly marked in every line of their vacant and care-furrowed features.

"In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ankles of the prisoners by a chain so short, as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the princes had for thirty long years been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of these relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now timidly presented to the king. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that cowered before him; and, after directing their chains to be unvetteted, he announced to all that they were free, and to pass the residue of their existence near his own person. Again the joke and the merry laugh passed quickly in the balcony—the court fool resumed his wonted avocations; and, as the monarch himself struck the chords of the gaily-ornamented harp presented by his bloated brother Amnon, the buffoon burst into a high and deserved panegyric upon the royal mercy and generosity.

"'My children,' exclaimed his Majesty, turning towards his foreign guests, after the completion of this

tardy act of justice to those whose only crime was their consanguinity to himself—an act to which he had been prompted less by superstition than by a desire to rescue his own offspring from a dungeon, and to secure a high place in the civilized world—'My children, you will write all that you have now seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen that, although far behind the nations of the white men, from whom *Aethiopia* first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa.'

During their residence, thus in favour with the king, they enjoyed opportunities for the accurate inspection of the country and the people, which Major HARRIS turned to good account, and from these volumes we might extract as much as would fill half-a-dozen of our numbers of interesting matter, passages descriptive of men and manners, and of the natural history of Shoa. But we must here limit ourselves to two or three extracts, which, however, we the less regret, as the book is one that everybody ought to read. Here is a sketch

A REGAL PAGEANT.

"As the state umbrellas, preceded by the ark of St. Michael, passed through the Ankober gate of the defences, the assembled chiefs and warriors who had most distinguished themselves during the successful foray, arrayed in the glittering badges of former achievements in arms, careered a dense body in advance. One hundred gore-stained steeds, resplendent with trappings and brass ornaments, and fancifully caparisoned in gay cloths and chintz housings, bounded and pranced gallantly under this chosen band of proud cavaliers, who, with lances couched and party-coloured robes flaunting in the wind, slowly curved over the verdant carpet of turf in dazzling and mazy labyrinth of reticulated circles. Their glossy black hair streaming with feathers and green branches, in token of recent triumph, and their variously emblazoned shields, crowded with silver ornaments and devices, glancing brightly in the sunbeams, they rent the air with shrill whoops and yells, responded at frequent intervals by loud shouts of welcome which pealed from the palace and from all parts of the town; whilst the dense phalanx of warriors in the rear—their forest of lances partially obscured under a thick canopy of dust—pressing tumultuously forward, and howling the wildest war-songs from ten thousand throats, completed one of the most brilliant and savage exhibitions that can be conceived.

"The king was robed in the ample spoils of a noble lion, richly ornamented, and half concealing beneath their rathy folds an embroidered green mantle of Indian manufacture. On his right shoulder he wore three chains of gold, as symbols of the Holy Trinity, and the fresh-plucked bough of asparagus, which denoted his recent exploit, rose from the centre of an embossed coronet of silver which encircled his regal brow. His dappled war-steed, bedizened with checkered housings of blue and yellow, was led prancing beside him, and immediately in advance bounded the champion on a coal-black charger, bearing the imperial shield of massive silver, with the sacred emblem of Christianity in high relief, whilst his long plaited raven locks floated wildly behind over the spotted hide of a panther, which his broad shoulders were graced. Abogáz Maretch and Ayto Barkie rode on either side of the crimson *deba-boch*, and a marshalled line of shield-bearers, under the Master of the Horse, preserved a clear space around the royal person until the cavalcade had gained the stockaded knoll upon the summit of which the palace is erected.

"Here a deputation of priests clad in snow-white garments received the victorious monarch with a blessing, and, under a volley of musketry, his Majesty proceeded to ascend. The outer court was crowded with female slaves, beggars, and menials, who, on the first appearance of the umbrellas within the gate, greeted the royal return with the shrillest clamour, and cast themselves prostrate in the dust. Fusiliers and matchlock-men of the imperial body-guard lined the second palisaded inclosure, and, after a *feu-de-joue*, their leader, performing the war-dance before the holy ark, led the procession to the last inclosure, where the king being met by the eunuchs of the royal household, entered the palace by a private door, and, surrounded by pages and attendants, presently took seat in a high latticed balcony fronting the inner quadrangle.

"Full in the centre stood a gigantic drum, whereat twelve weird old hags thumped unceasingly with crossed hands, keeping time energetically with their feet, whilst under the most frightful contortions and gesticulations, they cursed and screamed defiance to the enemies of the state. Sixty concubines, their faces besmeared with red ochre and grease, and their frizzled locks white under a coat of lard, sang and danced with increasing vehemence—their shrill melody, regulated by the drum, now dwindling into recitative, now bursting forth into a deafening chorus. Around this strange group, the dismounted cavaliers formed

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fifteen deep, and filling the entire court, poised each his trophy of blood aloft upon the glittering point of his lance, and as the whole danced, and whooped, and howled like wild beasts, warrior after warrior, springing with a fiendish yell into the centre of the ring, cast his prize contemptuously upon the ground, and kissing the dust, did abject homage at the feet of the triumphant despot."

As usual in barbarous countries, our travellers awed and astonished the natives by their feats with the rifle. Elephants were held in great dread by court and people, and the ease with which they were destroyed by the strangers brought them into great repute, and they were feared and almost worshipped as heroes. After one of these excursions, in which the party had succeeded in killing an elephant which had committed great ravages, and set at defiance the arts and arms of the whole district, they were thus received:—

"Your joy is my joy," exclaimed his Majesty, so soon as the usual salutations had been concluded; "and I am delighted when my children are happy. I feared that the elephants would destroy you; but you have achieved a triumph which none other have accomplished during the reign of Sähela Selassie."

"Whilst the king listened with great interest and seeming astonishment to the detail of proceedings, and to the assurance that the monarch of the forest might always be vanquished by a single bullet, if properly directed, the ivory was laid at the royal footstool. A long confession of the personal dread entertained of the elephant by his Majesty was followed by an anecdote formerly touched upon at Machal-wans, of his own discomfiture, and that of his entire host, by a herd encountered during a foray against the Metcha Galla, when, being firmly convinced that the army would be destroyed, he had deemed it prudent to retreat with all expedition. 'I ran,' he repeated several times with emphasis—'I ran, and every one of my followers did the same. You evidently understand the mode of dealing with these monsters; but if ten thousand of my people ventured to oppose a troop, the elephants would consume them all.'"

Interesting is the account of

THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY.

"Conviction resulted in the expression of his desire that certain articles agreed upon might be drawn up on parchment, and presented for signature, which had accordingly been done; and the day fixed for the return of the Embassy to Ankober was appointed for the ratification of the document by the annexure thereto of the royal hand and seal."

"Nobles and captains thronged the court-yard of the palace at Angóllala, and the king reclined on the throne in the attic chamber. A highly illuminated sheet, surmounted on the one side by the Holy Trinity—the device invariably employed as the arms of Shoa—and on the other by the Royal Achievement of England, was formally presented, and the sixteen articles of the convention in Amháric and English, read, commented upon, and fully approved.

"Tekla Mariam, the royal notary, kneeling, held the upper part of the unrolled scroll upon the state cushion, and the king, taking the proffered pen, inscribed after the words 'Done and concluded at Angóllala, the Galla capital of Shoa, in token whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal,—Sähela Selassie, who is the Negoos of Shoa, Efát, and the Galla.' The imperial signet, a cross encircled by the word 'Jesus,' was then attached by the scribe in presence of the chief of the church, the Dech Agafari, the Governor of Morát, and three other functionaries who were summoned into the alcove for the purpose.

"'You have loaded me with costly presents,' exclaimed the monarch as he returned the deed: 'the raiment that I wear, the throne whereon I sit, the various curiosities in my storehouses, and the muskets which hang around the great hall, are all from your country. What have I to give in return for such wealth? My kingdom is as nothing!'

Bruce's story of the live beef-steaks has frequently been quoted as a proof of his mendacity; but Major HARRIS confirms the fact.

BRUCE VINDICATED.

"Six hundred peasants, who had been pressed on the service of the state from the Mohammadan villages of Argóbá, after transporting the king's baggage from Alío Amba to Machal-wans, had bivouacked without food or shelter upon the bare saturated ground, and were strewed over the green sward like the slain on a battle-field. As the day dawned, their loud cries of 'Abiet, abiet,' 'Master, master,' arose to the palace gates from every quarter of the valley; but they lifted up their sad voices in vain; and reiterated entreaties for dismissal passing unheeded, a number of oxen, sufficient to allay the cravings of hunger, were with great difficulty purchased by the embassy, delivered over for slaughter, and slain and eaten raw upon the spot.

"The sceptic in Europe who still withholds his

credence from Bruce's account of an Abyssinian brind feast, would have been edified by the sight now presented on the royal meadow. Crowds swarmed around each sturdy victim to the knife, and impetuously rushing in with a simultaneous yell, seized horns, and legs, and tail. A violent struggle to escape followed the assault. Each vigorous bound shook off and scattered a portion of the assailants, but the stronger and more athletic retained still their grasp, and resolutely wrestling and grappling with the prize, finally prevailed. With a loud groan of despair the bull was thrown kicking to the earth. Twenty crooked knives flashed at once from the scabbard—a tide of crimson gore proclaimed the work of death, and the hungry butchers remained seated on the quivering carcass, until the last bubbling jet had welled from the widely-severed and yawning throat.

"Rapidly from that moment advanced the work of demolition. The hide was opened in fifty places, and collop after collop of warm flesh and muscle—sliced and scooped from the bone—was borne off in triumph. Groups of feasting savages might now be seen seated on the wet grass in every direction, greedily munching and bolting the raw repast, and pounds were with all held of light account. Entrails and offal did not escape. In a quarter of an hour nought remained of the carcass save hoofs and horns, and the disappointed vultures of the air assembling round the scene of slaughter with the village curs, found little indeed to satiate their hunger."

But we are trespassing beyond our limits. For further information the reader is referred to the work itself, which, once taken up, will not be laid aside till it is read through.

Since the above was written, we have received the second edition of this interesting work, which contains an introduction written by the major, in self-defence, against some attacks to which he had been subjected by a few of the reviews. It seems to have been charged upon him that he had presented a false account of the embassy; that he had been unjust to his predecessors and companions, and that he had misrepresented the country and its inhabitants. Major HARRIS indignantly repels these accusations, and then he proceeds to notice some minor objections that had been preferred by carping critics, which he does triumphantly.

We question the wisdom of such retorts in all cases, and in this instance, contempt would have been the best weapon; for an author who has received such warm commendation from nineteen-twentieths of the respectable portion of the press can well afford to endure in silence attacks from which the loftiest genius cannot escape. When a man resolves to appear before the world as an author, he must make up his mind to be thoroughly abused; it is the price at which greatness of all kinds is purchased. He must become *case-hardened*, or his life will be a continual fret and fever. Major HARRIS does not appear as yet to have undergone this process; but the sooner he does so the better for his own peace of mind; and then, instead of answering his assailants, he will laugh at them.

Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Arahauac and Rocky Mountains, and in the Oregon Territory. By THOMAS J. FARNHAM. 2 vols. Bentley, 1844.

THE vast prairies of western America have been often described, but never so vividly as by Mr. FARNHAM. His picture of the huge district familiar to us by name as "the Oregon Territory," but of which those who talk and write the most glibly really know very little, is singularly graphic; his story abounds in adventure, and the interest of a romance is combined with the instruction which an observant traveller can impart more abundantly than almost any author.

The character of this vast range of country, partially traversed by Mr. FARNHAM, may be gathered from BRYANT'S glance at it in his beautiful poem entitled "Thanatopsis"—

"Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings."

And these huge forests are varied only by prairies as vast and mountains as wild and solitary.

It was upon such a district that our traveller entered on the 21st of May, 1839.

"It is a scene of desolation scarcely equalled on the continent, when viewed in the dearth of mid-summer from the base of the hills. Above, rise in sublime confusion, mass upon mass, shattered cliffs, through which is struggling the dark foliage of stunted shrub-cedars; while below you spreads far and wide the burnt and arid desert, whose solemn silence is seldom broken by the tread of any other animal than the wolf or the starved and thirsty horse which bears the traveller across its wastes."

His companions were sixteen in number, most of them men seeking their fortunes in the wilderness, looking for "new homes," urged westward by the irresistible spirit of emigration which seems to characterize the American variety of the Saxon race. The town of Independence, situate upon the very borders of the wilderness, was the last civilized community they were to see. Consequently they quitted it with some regret, their thoughts thenceforth turning backwards to the homes they had left rather than to those they were seeking. But this clinging of the heart to its companionship with humanity was still more strongly felt as they approached the territory where only the savage of the wilds was to be found. Our author describes his emotions on beholding

THE LAST CABIN.

"It was painful to approach the last frontier in close—the last habitation of the white man—the last semblance of home. At length the last cabin was approached. We drank at the well and travelled on. It was now behind us. All, indeed, was behind us with which the sympathies of our young days had mingled their holy memories. Before us were the treeless plains of green as they had been since the flood—beautiful, unbroken by plough or spade, sweetly scented with the first blossomings of spring. They had been, since time commenced, the theatre of the Indian's prowess—of his hopes, joys, and sorrows. Here nations, as the eve of deadly battle closed around them, had knelt and raised the votive offering to heaven, and implored the favour and protection of the Great Spirit who had fostered their fathers upon the wintry mountains of the north, and when, bravely dying, had borne them to the islands of light beneath the setting sun. A lovely landscape this for an Indian's meditation. He could almost behold in the distance where the plain and sky met, the holy portals of his after-state, so mazy and beautiful was the scene."

The scene soon changed. In a few days they found themselves upon the vast and seemingly boundless prairie. Now began their sufferings. This is one of them.

A PRAIRIE BED.

"While some were cooking our morsel of supper, others staked out the animals, others pitched our tent, and all, when their tasks were done, huddled under its shelter. We now numbered thirteen. We ate our scanty suppers, drank the waters from the puddles, and sought rest; but, all our packs being wet, we had no change of wardrobe that would have enabled us to do so with a hope of success. We, however, spread our wet blankets upon the mud, put our saddles under our heads, had a song from our jolly Joe, and mused and shivered until morning."

Their food was buffalo-beef and fruits which grow profusely in the wilds. But by the word beef let not the reader picture to himself the tender savoury joint of a well-fed and well-killed English ox, but the tough, musky, lean, muscle of a bull that has unlimited exercise for his sinews. Hard fare must be

BUFFALO-BEEF.

"The lean parts of the buffalo are cut into thin slices, dried over a slow fire in the sun, or by exposing it to frost, pounded fine, and then, with a portion of berries, mixed with an equal quantity of fat from the hump and brisket, or with marrow in a boiling state, and sewed up tightly in sacks of green hide, or packed closely in baskets of wickerwork. This pemican, as the Indians call it, will keep for several years."

Still it was a luxury compared with the viands they were obliged to feed upon when buffaloes were not to be found; such as old dogs, stinking fish, the cub of a bear, or even a slice of a wolf. After tasting nothing better than these for a week or so, we can sympathise with the delight of the travellers when they obtained accidentally the carcass of an antelope.

"And now who, in the tameness of an enough-and-to-spare state of existence, in which every emotion of the mind is surfeited and gouty, can estimate our pleasure at seeing these men gallop into our ranks with this antelope! You may guess, reader, you may reckon, you may calculate, or, if learned in the demi-semi-quavers of modern exquisiteness, you may thrust rudely aside all those wholesome and fat old words of the heart, and shrewdly imagine, and still you cannot comprehend the feelings of that moment. Did we shout? Were we silent? No, neither. Did we gather quickly around the horse which bore the slaughtered animal? No, nor this. An involuntary murmur of relief from the most fearful forebodings and the sudden halt of the riding animals in their tracks were the only movements, the only acts that indicated our grateful joy at this deliverance."

But they were compelled at times to resort to less tempting fare. A favourite dog was sacrificed to their necessities, and this is Mr. FARNHAM's experience of

DOG'S FLESH.

"Our guide declared the noble dog must die. He was accordingly shot, his hair burnt off, and his fore-quarters boiled and eaten! Some of the men declared that dogs made excellent mutton; but on this point there existed among us, what politicians term, an honest difference of opinion. To me it tasted like the flesh of a dog, a singed dog; and appetite, keen though it was, and edged by a fast of fifty hours, could not but be sensibly alive to the fact, that whether cooked or barking, a dog is still a dog everywhere."

Afterwards this sort of dinner became quite common, and he pronounces "a stew" to be the most agreeable form of "barking mutton," as he calls it.

Such rude feasts were varied by long fasts and sufferings like these.

HUNGER AND THIRST.

"A deadly stupor pervaded the gastric and nervous systems; a sluggish action of the heart, a dimness of vision, and painful prostration of every energy of life were creeping upon me. After a little rest, however, I crept to the bushes, and after a long search found two red rose-buds! These I gladly ate, and went to my couch to dream of feasts.

"Another dreadful night! Thirst, burning thirst! The glands cease to moisten the mouth, the throat becomes dry and feverish, the lungs cease to be satisfied with the air they inhale, the heart is sick and faint, and the nerves, preternaturally active, do violence to every vital organ: it is an incipient throes of death."

And this is a picture of

THE PRAIRIE DESERT.

"Vast plateaux of desolation, yielding only the wild wormwood and the prickly pear. So barren, so hot, so destitute is it of water that can be obtained and drunk, that the mountain sheep, and hare even, animals which drink less than any others that inhabit these regions, do not venture there. Travellers along that stream are said to be compelled to carry it long distances upon animals, and draw it, where it is possible to do so, with a rope and skin bucket from the chasm of the stream; and yet their animals frequently die of thirst and hunger, and men often save their lives by eating the carcasses of the dead, and by drinking the blood which they from time to time draw from the veins of the living."

The inhabitants of that desolate region are as wretched as is their abode.

NATIVES OF THE PRAIRIE.

"Here live the 'Piutes' and 'Land Pitches,' the most degraded and least intellectual of the Indians known to the trappers. They wear no clothing of any description, build no shelters. They eat roots, lizards, and snails. Their persons are more disgusting than those of the Hottentots. They provide nothing for future wants; and when the lizard, and snail, and wild roots, are buried in the snows of winter, they are said to retire to the vicinity of timber, dig holes in the form of ovens in the steep sides of the sand hills, and, having heated them to a certain degree, deposit themselves in them, and sleep and fast till the weather permits them to go abroad again for food. Persons who have visited their haunts after a severe winter have found the ground around these family ovens strewn with the unburied bodies of the dead, and others crawling among them, who had various degrees of strength, from a bare sufficiency to gasp in death to those that crawled upon their hands and feet, eating grass like cattle. It is said that they have no weapons of defence, except the club, and that in the use of that they are unskillful. These poor creatures are hunted in the spring of the year, when weak and helpless, by a certain class of men, and when taken are fattened, carried to Santa Fé, and sold as slaves during their minority. A 'likely girl,' in her teens, brings sometimes 60*l.* or 80*l.* The males are valued less."

But even here the white man has found a home.

"A trader is living there (among the Snake Indians), with a young Eutaw squaw, through whose charms he has forsaken friends, wealth, and ease, and civilization, for an Indian lodge, among all the dangers and wants of a wilderness. This gentleman is said to have a standing offer of 140*l.* for his dear one, whenever, in the course of a limited time, he will sell her graces. But it is believed that his heart has so much to do with his estimation of her value, that no consideration could induce him voluntarily to deprive himself of her society."

Who will be surprised at the value which this lawless vagabond sets upon his wife when he peruses our traveller's description of the

USES OF A SQUAW.

"His wife takes care of his horses, manufactures his saddles and bridles, and leash-ropes and whips, his moccasins, leggings, and hunting-shirts, from leather and other materials prepared by her own hands; beats with a wooden adze his buffalo-robos, till they are soft and pleasant for his couch; tans hides for his tent-covering, and drags from the distant hills the clear white pine poles to support it; cooks his daily food, and places it before him. And should sickness overtake him, and death rap at the door of his lodge, his squaw watches kindly the last yearnings of his departing spirit. His sole duty, as her lord in life, and as a citizen of the Arapahoe tribe, is to ride the horse which she saddles and brings to his tent, kill the game which she dresses and cures, sit and slumber on the couch which she spreads, and fight the enemies of the tribe."

Even into this inhospitable region missionary zeal has penetrated, and successfully planted the Cross. Mr. FARNHAM accidentally lighted upon

A CHRISTIAN INDIAN.

"The weather was so pleasant that no tent was pitched. The willows were beat, and buffalo-robos spread over them. Underneath were laid other robes, on which my Indian host seated himself, with his wife and children on one side, and myself on the other. A fire burned brightly in front. Water was brought, and the evening ablutions having been performed, the wife presented a dish of meat to her husband and one to myself. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head and prayed to God; a wandering savage in Oregon calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ! After the prayer he gave meat to his children, and passed the dish to his wife. While eating, the frequent repetition of the words 'Jehovah' or 'Jesus Christ' in the most reverential manner led me to suppose they were conversing on religious topics, and thus they passed an hour. Meanwhile the exceeding weariness of a long day's travel admonished me to seek rest. I had slumbered, I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. I was about rising to ascertain whether the sweet notes of Tallis's chant came to these solitudes from earth or sky, when a full recollection of my situation, and of the religious habits of my host, easily solved the rising inquiry, and induced me to observe instead of disturbing. The Indian family was engaged in its evening devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Percé language. Having finished it, they all knelt and bowed their faces upon the buffalo-robos, and Crickie prayed long and fervently."

These extracts will suffice to convey a notion of the much-boasted Oregon territory. They will surely scare the intended emigrant, to whom Mr. FARNHAM has done good service by his exposition of the true character of the land of promise. They who desire a more particular account are referred to his volumes, which will form an amusing and useful addition to the library and Book-Club.

Mexico as it was, and as it is. By BRANTZ MAYER, Secretary to the United States Legation to that country in 1841 and 1842. New York. Wiley and Putnam, London.

THE growing interest felt by the European nations in the infant states of Central and Southern America is proved by the eagerness with which every book has been welcomed that promised information about the country, the inhabitants, its institutions, manners, and natural history. The lively work of Madame CALDERON was translated into most of the European languages, and everywhere it became popular. But her charming pen was chiefly employed in sketching the mere aspect and surfaces of things, the impressions made upon an ob-

servant mind by the novel forms of society, and the peculiar features of the country; she did not attempt to analyze institutions, nor to trace their effects upon the people. This has been done by Mr. MAYER, who has directed his attention to the loftier themes suggested to a reflective mind by a visit to a foreign land. He has investigated the antiquities, the geography, the statistics, the natural history of Mexico, and its politics are profoundly discussed. But, nevertheless, he has not omitted the lighter material, more attractive to the general reader; and his descriptions of men and manners, his occasional sketches of character, and his narratives of personal adventure, are sufficient to lure the most careless lounger onward from page to page, and thus to convey a store of instruction even to those who imagine themselves to be reaping nothing but amusement.

There is so much in Mexico to excite European curiosity, the scenery is so peculiar, the people are so unlike ourselves, society is exhibited in so strange a phase, institutions are so unsettled, social and political experiments are being tried there upon so grand a scale, that a hundred observers, though as keen as Mr. MAYER, would not exhaust the subject. But so rapid are the changes to which all things are there subjected, that the lapse even of a few months presents a new aspect of affairs to gratify the curiosity of the sofa-reader and the researches of the student.

The population of Mexico consists of three millions of the white and coloured races, and four millions of Indians; of the former, but twenty per cent., of the latter, not two per cent. can read and write. Who can be surprised that such a people should be unable to understand rational liberty, which means, not license, but liberty protected by law; or that military despotism should have triumphed over republican institutions erected on such a basis? But time will work out a cure; while the people are debased, the government, let it be called by any name, or profess to be ever so free, must be despotic in fact. When the people shall have fitted themselves for freedom, they will have it practically, even if it be conceded under the name and forms of absolutism. Mexico is in the stage of national existence which demands a despotism as the form of government, which only it is fitted to enjoy. Nothing else can preserve her independence. It is manifest, from hints that fall from Mr. MAYER here and there, that the United States have cast an eye upon the country, and it is ultimately to become a portion of that confederacy.

What a hideous picture is this of

THE PEOPLE OF MEXICO.

"Passing from the cathedral door to the southern portion of the city, you reach the outskirts, crossing, in your way, the canals from the lake. I have rarely seen such miserable suburbs; they are filled with hovels built of sun-dried bricks, often worn with the weather to the shape of holes in the mud, while on their earthen floors crawl, cook, live, and multiply, the wretched-looking population of *leprosos*.

"This word, I believe, is not pure Spanish, but is derived originally, it is said, from the Castilian *lepro*, or *leper*; and although they do not suffer from that loathsome malady, they are quite as disgusting.

"Blacken a man in the sun; let his hair grow long and tangled, or become filled with vermin; let him plod about the streets in all kinds of dirt for years, and never know the use of brush, or towel, or water even, except in storms; let him put on a pair of leather breeches at twenty, and wear them until forty, without change or ablation; and over all, place a torn and blackened hat, and a tattered blanket begrimed with abominations; let him have wild eyes, and shining teeth, and features pinched by famine into sharpness; breasts bared and browned, and (if females) with two or three miniatures of the same species trotting after her, and another certainly strapped to her back: combine all these in your imagination, and you have a recipe for a Mexican *lepero*.

"There, on the canals, around the markets and *pulque* shops, the Indians and these miserable outcasts hang all day long; feeding on fragments, quarrelling, drinking, stealing, and lying drunk about the

pavements, with their children crying with hunger around them. At night they slink off to these suburbs, and coil themselves up on the damp floors of their lairs, to sleep off the effects of liquor, and to awake to another day of misery and crime. Is it wonderful, in a city with an immense proportion of its inhabitants of such a class (hopeless in the present and the future), that there are murderers and robbers?"

Yet even these wretched creatures forget their sorrow in the *fêtes* which the policy of the Catholic church establishes wherever it prevails, for the purpose of keeping the people quiet by keeping them amused. Might we not advantageously take a hint in this particular, and try if we cannot prevent rick-burnings and riots by cultivating the pleasures of the poor as well as their sectarianism? We do not mean that they should adopt such recreations as marked the feast of St. Augustin.

A SAINT'S DAY IN MEXICO.

"We adjourned, at two o'clock, from the gambling-houses to the cock-pit. The president, Gen. Santa Anna, and Gen. Bravo, with their suites, occupied one of the centre boxes of the theatre, while the rest were filled with the beauty and fashion of Mexico. It is the vogue for women of family and respectability to attend these festivals, their great object being to outshine each other in the splendour and variety of their garments. The rage is to have one dress for mass at ten o'clock, one for the cock-pit, another for the ball at the Calvario, and a fourth for the ball in the evening. *These again must be different on each succeeding day of the festival!*

"The cocks were brought into the centre of the pit within the ring, the president's fowls being generally those first put on the earth. They were then thrown off for a spring at each other, and taken up again before the betting began. Brokers went round, proclaiming the amount placed in their hands to bet on any particular fowl. Whenever a bet was offered against Santa Anna's bird, the broker was called to his box and an *aide-de-camp* covered it. Besides these bets, the general usually had some standing ones agreed on beforehand with the owners of other cocks; and in this manner five or six thousand dollars were lost or won by him in the pit daily. Seven mains of cocks were fought each day—the president seeming to relish the sport vastly, while his aides were highly excited, and the ladies looked on with evident gusto.

"Nothing can be more grossly mean than a passion for cock-fighting. A bull-fight, brutal and bloody as it is, has still something noble in the contest between the man and the animal; there is a trial of skill, and often a trial for life. Horse-racing is a beautiful sport; it is both exciting and useful; and the breed of a noble animal is cherished and improved by it. But to see grown men, and among them the chiefs of a nation, sit down quietly to watch two birds kick each other to death with slashers and spurs, in order to make money out of the victory of one of them, is too contemptible to be sanctioned or apologized for in any way, except by old reactionary customs. Such were the old customs of Mexico. Their fathers gambled—they gamble; their fathers fought fowls—they fight fowls; and if you speak to them of it, they shrug their shoulders, with a '*pues que?*'—what will you?"

"It is with pleasure, however, that I record one pleasant scene at least in this festival of St. Augustin. On the second day I did not go out early in the morning, but took a place in the diligence at half-past two, p.m. reaching the village in a couple of hours. Disgusted with the gambling scenes and the cock-pit, I went only to see the Calvario, or ball, given every afternoon at the Calvary, which adjoins the village on the west.

"We walked to the spot through beautiful lanes of oriental-looking houses, bowered among groves of orange and jasmine, and arrived about six o'clock. As the people were just assembling, we strolled up the green hills, traversed by streams of crystal water, until we reached an eminence above the village, bosomed in an eternal shade, from which peeped out the white walls of the houses and azotéas, covered with the most beautiful and fragrant flowers. Across the valley, the eye rested on the silvery line of Tezocó, and as the slanting rays of the sun fell over the soft midland view, and athwart the hills through the gaps of the western mountains, lighting the ravines, and throwing the bold peaks in shadow, I thought I had never beheld a more perfect picture drawn from fancy of the peace and beauty of a 'Happy Valley.' It was soon enlivened by figures, and became a scene worthy of the fairy fancy of Watteau.

"From the top of Calvary, the hill sloped down amphitheatrically to a level meadow, a bow-shot in width, closed on the east and west by trees in their freshest foliage, and terminated on the north by a garden and azotéa just peeping over the leaves of an orange grove. On the side of the hill seats had been placed for ladies, which were speedily filled by them attired in full dress for the evening. The fine military band of the garrison struck up directly in the centre of the sward, and in a moment the dancers were on foot.

Galopades, waltzes, cotillons, Spanish dances, succeeded each other rapidly. It was difficult to say which was the more beautiful display, that of Mexican beauty tripping it with gay cavalier 'to music on the green,' or that of Mexican beauty lining the hill-side, and watching the festive scene with its penitive gaze."

Some insight into the past and the future revolutions which will be the lot of this country for many years to come, will be afforded by this sketch of

MEXICAN POLITICS.

"During the royal government, the influence of these rich proprietors must necessarily have been exceedingly great. It was the policy of the Spanish cabinet to cherish the temporalities of the Mexican church. The *mayorazgos*, or rights of primogeniture, forced the younger sons either into the profession of arms or of religion; and it was requisite that ample provision should be made for them in secure and splendid establishments. Thus, all the lucrative and easy benefices came into the hands of Spaniards or their descendants, and by far the greater portion of the more elevated ecclesiastics were persons of high birth or influential connections.

"But the rights of primogeniture have been abolished. The laws of the Republic have taken away the power to collect *tilthes* by compulsory processes; and the consequence is, that the church has become unpopular with the upper classes as a means of maintenance, while a comparatively democratic spirit has been infused into its members, who now spring from the humbler ranks. Still, however, the remaining wealth and the forces of clanship have preserved in their body a most powerful influence.

"While this change has occurred in the church, the army has become equally unpopular with the upper ranks as a profession, and as its command is consequently intrusted to men who have arisen immediately from the people, or, in other words, as the same classes of society furnish both the church and the army, the church and the army will, in all probability (while forming aristocracies in themselves), sustain each other against the aristocracy of landed proprietors, and all whiloe upon their income without the necessity of labour.

"Between these two classes there will be a constant war of opinion, while the only real democracy of the nation is left to reside in individuals, who have neither estates to despoil nor wealth to confiscate. The fellow-feeling between the church and the army, arising from the kindred origin of their numbers, is, however, no protection to the riches of the former. The government, pressed by its wants, is beginning to encroach gradually on its resources, and, within the last two years, has appropriated parts of the real estates of the clergy to replenish an empty treasury."

Among other pencilings by the way, Mr. MAYER gives us a lively one of

A MEXICAN SPORTSMAN.

"After the shower had passed away, we again sallied forth, and reaching the marshy flats, amused ourselves with watching the operations of Ignacio, instead of making war ourselves upon the delicate birds. After wandering about for some time without starting game, Ignacio at last perceived a flock alight a hundred yards to the north of him. He dismounted immediately—waved his hand to us to remain quiet—crouched behind the bull, and putting the animal in motion, in the direction of the birds, they both crept on together until within gunshot. Here, by a twitch at his tail, the beast was stopped, and began munching the tasteless grass as eagerly as if gratifying a relishing appetite. Ignacio then slowly raised his head to a level with the bull's spine, and surveyed the field of battle, while the birds paddled about the fens unconscious of danger. Although evidently within good shooting distance, the *lio* discovered that he had not precisely got a *raking range*; and, therefore, again dodging behind his rampart, put the bull in motion for the required spot. This attained, he levelled his gun on the animal's back and fired—honest Sancho never stirring his head from the grass! Several birds fell, while the rest of the flock, seeing nothing but an unbellicose bull, scarcely flew more than a dozen yards before they alighted again—and thus, the conspiring beast and sportsman sneaked along, from shot to shot, until nearly the whole flock was bagged!"

But we must trespass no further. Enough has been said and extracted to recommend this work to the good graces of the library and book-club.

SCIENCE.

The Zoolist. Published Quarterly. London. Ballière.

CARELESS of the clamour raised by that numerous and not unimportant class who make it their business, not to scrutinize every thing new, but to condemn it without examination, and who denounce

all who have seen and proved, and who therefore believe, as fools or impostors, THE CRITIC has, from the first moment of its existence, candidly avowed its conviction, produced in a reluctant mind by actual inspection and careful tests, that the condition of existence to which the name of mesmeric has been given is a fact in nature; that, being a fact, it was, like all facts, important to be understood; that it was peculiarly interesting, as calculated to throw light upon a subject hitherto veiled in impenetrable mystery, the relationship of mind and matter, and of mind with mind.

But we have cautiously limited our admissions to the fact of the existence of the mesmeric state; we have candidly avowed, that the phenomena exhibited in that state require the most careful examination, and should be subjected to extensive series of experiments before they can be received as settled definite truths, or safely made the bases of theory. It is with such views that we have anxiously directed attention to all the publications relating to mesmerism that have appeared during the brief term of our periodical labours; and to their arguments and facts have added the results of our own personal observations. To the same end we have proposed the formation of a Society which should devote itself exclusively to the investigation of the *facts* of mesmerism; and though the scheme of this has not yet been adopted, we hope, ere the next winter, to see it in active operation.

Continuing the same fair and rational method for the investigation of the truth, we now proceed to lay before the readers of THE CRITIC a plain unvarnished narrative of a visit which we paid on Monday last to the famous French youth, ALEXIS, who was shewn to a select party at Dr. Elliotson's, and of whom, we can assure our readers, all we are about to relate is *strictly true*, although we shall not be surprised if they find it difficult to believe us: indeed, we could scarcely trust the evidence of our own senses.

ALEXIS was introduced to the company, about thirty in number, by M. Marcellet, a gentleman of high character, who has undertaken the care of him in England. Dr. Elliotson stated that he was, like the rest, only a curious spectator; he took no part in the experiments, nor could he vouch for any thing more than the respectability of the parties, to whom he had lent his rooms for their first introduction to London Society. ALEXIS is a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, of dark complexion and plain features, but with a very intelligent expression of countenance, and of a highly nervous temperament.

Having taken his seat, he was magnetized by M. Marcellet, simply by fixing the eye upon him. The operation lasted about five minutes, and was attended with a great deal of nervous excitement on the part of the patient, almost amounting to convulsions. These continued after the sleep had begun, but they were calmed by a few passes over the agitated muscles.

The first experiments tried were the ordinary ones of fixing and relaxing the limbs; they differed only from all others we have seen, in the more rapid and perfect obedience of the limbs to the will of the operator, the leg of the patient following the finger of the magnetizer as fast and as instantaneously as the steel pursues the magnet. The extreme rigidity of the legs was shewn by their supporting, when outstretched, the weight of a man standing upon them; a feat which, we believe, the strongest person in his waking state could not perform.

But it is for the phenomena of *clairvoyance* that this case is so remarkable, and to these the company looked with eagerness, all busily watching to detect imposture, if attempted. The proceeding was thus.

Over each eye of the patient was placed a handful of cotton wool, filling all the space between the brow and the nostril. Over these again was bound a handkerchief that encircled the head, and over that two other handkerchiefs were tied diagonally, so as completely to cover the face above the nostrils. It was physically impossible that a ray of light could reach the eye.

Alexis, thus blindfolded, beyond possibility of doubt or imposture, for the strictest examination was made by the company, took his seat at a table. A pack of cards was brought from a neighbouring shop. He challenged any of the company to play at *écarté* with him. Colonel Gardener (we understood it was) first accepted the challenge, and took his seat on the other side of the table opposite to the blinded youth.

Alexis opened the packet, which his antagonist

shuffled ; he then rapidly threw out the cards not used in the game, and proceeded to play as accurately as his opponent.

But, stranger still, he would often leave his own cards upon the table with their backs upward, and, without turning them, he named and played them, never once erring. He also invariably named the cards in his adversary's hand.

For further satisfaction, a huge book was placed upon the table as a screen between the players, so that Alexis could not possibly see, had his eyes been open and unbandaged, the card turned up, or those held by his adversary. Yet he named them with as unerring accuracy as before.

Other gentlemen afterwards played with him, and among them Mr. JERDAN, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, with precisely the same results.

The next series of experiments was with some books, which had been borrowed for the occasion from a neighbouring bookseller, his eyes remaining bandaged as before.

A book was opened and held by his side in such a position that, if he had been in an ordinary state, he could not have perused it. He read it fluently.

Another book was opened by Colonel Gurwood, and a handkerchief was thrown over the page, so that none of us could discover a word of the print it covered. In this state it was placed on the table before him. He asked what part he should read. A gentleman pointed to a spot where the handkerchief was folded most densely. Instantly he read two or three lines. On removing the handkerchief we found that those were the very lines it covered. The book was a work on architecture, a very costly work, which it is not probable he had ever seen before.

A book was next opened *behind his back*, at a coloured plate of a cathedral. He said it was a picture, not type; and described its general appearance, colour, and outline.

The book was opened at another engraving, and the cover turned towards him, but still held behind his chair. He appeared to be greatly perplexed, and gave an inaccurate description of it. Some of the spectators seemed to consider this experiment a failure. We did not think so, and for this reason :—a number of pictures lay between the one to which his attention was sought to be directed and the cover of the book which was presented towards him. The medium, whatever it be, through which his mind was to perceive the outer picture must have conveyed also all the intermediate pictures, presenting, in fact, a confused mass of outlines; and such seemed to be the image in his mind which he attempted in vain to define ; it was made up of all the pictures that were held towards him.

Colonel Gurwood, the intelligent editor of *The Despatches of the Duke of Wellington*, next placed in his hand a folded letter, which he said he had lately received from France, and asked Alexis what was the signature. A pencil being given to him, he wrote slowly the name of "Bonfitt," making only some error in the two last letters, which he speedily corrected. The colonel opened the letter, and exhibited it to the company; the letters in which he had erred were difficult to decipher. He further named the address of the writer, which was proved by reference to the letter to be correct, and he added a minute description of him ; but this the Colonel said he could not verify, as he did not know the writer personally.

A gentleman present, whose name we forgot, then asked from him a description of his (the querist's) house. He answered, as the gentleman assured us, satisfactorily ; describing the rooms, and among other things, saying that on one side of the fireplace hung a picture of a pale woman with dishevelled hair ; on the other, a picture of an old lady. The gentleman stated that this was strictly accurate. In his drawing-room were a picture of his mother, and a fancy sketch of Psyche, with hair hanging about the shoulders, exactly as the youth had described. Many other particulars were equally correct, but we content ourselves with this, as the most striking.

Another gentleman then made similar inquiries of him, but his replies were, in some respects, right, and in others wrong, and it was evident that he had confused images in his mind, perhaps the results of previous inquiries. In this instance he was sketched with a pencil the position of the rooms, but reversing those of doors and windows ; in one respect, however, he was singularly accurate. He was perplexed, and evidently fatigued, and had thrown

himself back in his chair, and the gentleman was moving away, when he started up, grasped his coat, dragged him back, and said that he saw it now clearly, and forthwith told him of a picture that was in his room, in which picture another smaller one was represented, the scene of this latter being a gentleman leaning over the chair in which a lady was seated, or something to that effect. The gentleman informed us that in his room there was such a remarkable picture as the youth had described.

Some watches were next produced, and their backs turned towards him ; but he stated accurately the position of the hands. This, however, is not so conclusive an experiment as the rest, for he might guess the hour of the day. But it is a singular fact that one of them, a hunting-watch, had its figures placed in a different position from all the rest, yet he indicated the altered position of the hands.

This concluded the experiments of the day, and he was awakened without difficulty.

The question will occur, whether, throughout these experiments, there might not have been collusion with the magnetiser ? We can only say, that if so it were, it would have required powers as wonderful as those attributed to magnetism. While the cards were being played, the magnetiser was standing at a distance, talking with persons in the company, and he could not have seen what cards were in either hand, and the youth being blindfolded by his attendant, as we have described, the prodigy of his seeing a sign would have been as great as the wonder of his seeing the cards in Mr. JERDAN's hands.

We have deemed it best on this occasion to do no more than simply and minutely to state precisely what we witnessed, without marring its effect by attempts at explanation or commentary of any kind. It is a plain unvarnished tale that we have told ; the wonders we have described were witnessed by many others, who will bear the like testimony to them. If any doubt, they will have an opportunity of assuring themselves by the evidence of their own senses. Alexis will remain for some time in London. It is not the purpose of his friends to make a public exhibition of him, but he will attend whenever invited by a party desirous of fairly investigating his case. His address may probably be obtained at Mr. Balliere's, the publisher, in Regent-street, and if any respectable person, feeling an interest in mesmerism, will apply to him for admission, there is no doubt that he will readily obtain an order to some one of the parties which will be formed for the purpose of experiment, provided, of course, that he contributes his proportion towards the very moderate remuneration required by Alexis and his friend for his attendance.

For this purpose parties should be made at private houses, and there are few, we presume, who would not gladly contribute a few shillings for an opportunity of leisurely examining the most remarkable case that has yet occurred of the mysterious phenomena of mesmerism.

To this statement, to which the Editor of THE CRITIC pledges himself, it may be satisfactory to add some of the remarks of the editors of other periodicals who were present, all of whom agree that there was not and could not be either imposition or collusion.

The *Times* gives some particulars about the letter produced by Colonel Gurwood, of which we were not aware at the moment, and we reprint them, as they add much to the interest of the case :—

" It appears that Colonel Gurwood had placed himself in communication with Alexis, some time back, in Paris, in order to discover whether he had it in his power to give him any hint by which to enable him to discover the residence of a French soldier, whose life Colonel Gurwood had saved during the siege of Badajoz. Alexis during the magnetic state gave Colonel Gurwood some valuable information on the subject of his inquiry, and, acting upon this, he was fortunate enough to find not only the name of the person, but his place of abode. Colonel Gurwood wrote to the soldier, and the letter which he placed folded in Alexis' hands was the answer which he had received. Alexis, after a little examination, wrote down the person's name, and told Colonel Gurwood the purport of the letter which he held in his hand. He made, certainly, one mistake in the final letter of the person's name ; but this did not in the slightest degree detract from his extraordinary penetration.

" We have thus endeavoured faithfully to record the facts which we witnessed this day. It is our belief that the experiments were performed fairly, and that in no single instance did anything like collusion exist. We do not pretend to account for the strange, the wonderful phenomena which this youth certainly ma-

nifested. Of course there were many present who refused to admit the possibility of any person seeing under such circumstances. One gentleman, more incredulous than the rest, declared most emphatically that Alexis was able to see down his nose—an hypothesis, we must confess, at variance with all our anatomical and physiological knowledge. With his eyes almost hermetically sealed he was able to read a book taken from among a number of works on the table. Independently of this, a handkerchief twice folded was placed over the printed page of a large volume, and through this the somnambulist was able to read with facility. We have thus endeavoured faithfully to record the experiments performed this day. We draw no conclusion from the facts : we confess they are mysterious and inexplicable—beyond our comprehension. Let those who are disposed to be sceptical examine the matter for themselves ; they will, we understand, have frequent opportunities of doing so."

The *Morning Herald* remarks :—

" As what we witnessed, on this occasion, was, in our opinion, very extraordinary, we shall simply relate the facts, without drawing any inference, or giving any opinion pro or con, on the merits of the controversy now so warmly carried on between mesmerists and anti-mesmerists. If there was any collusion between the operator and his subject, it was managed most adroitly, for it entirely escaped our penetration, and we watched with carelessness, we had almost said with suspicion, the whole proceedings."

And again, at the conclusion of its notice :—

" All we can say is, that there appeared to be no symptoms of collusion between the operator and his patient ; and that if any collusion did really exist, it was managed so artfully as to escape the observation and detection of the company."

Again we say to those who are inclined to be sceptical, " Go and see." If there be imposture, detect it. You will have every facility for doing so, for you will be permitted to test the patient by any means you please. You may bring your own books, or handkerchiefs, talk to him, play cards with him, read with him, and then, if you still think that he is imposing upon you, sit down, place the handkerchiefs and wool over your own eyes, precisely as they are placed over his, and try if you can play at cards or read ; or if you think, as we heard one person say, that it was all a lucky guess, just try to guess what is in a book held behind your back, what cards your adversary has in his hand, what sort of room, and what pictures in it a chance questioner has. If you then find you can do this, you may fairly accuse ALEXIS of imposture. But if not, why hesitate to admit that, after all,

" There be more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

FICTION.

Sigismund Forster. Von Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. By Countess HAHN-HAHN. Berlin. SOME time since we noticed one of Madame HAHN-HAHN's novels, *Aus der Gesellschaft*, and judging from their well-known popularity in Germany, we conclude another may not be unacceptable to our readers. Sigismund Forster embodies all the principal characteristics of its author,—genuine knowledge of human nature, much reflection, and extreme grace of style. The story is so simple that we cannot resist giving an analysis of it. We mentioned before that the Gräfin HAHN-HAHN indulged in very few incidents ; her novels are novels of sentiment, not action. Indeed the events of any of our dramatic productions of the same pretensions would furnish her with incidents for a dozen novels. Nothing can be more simple, we might almost say common-place, than the few events she introduces. As a consequence of this, there is not much dialogue, but what there is, is perfectly natural and very spirited. The prevailing feature is reflection, so real, so apt, that it appeals to all hearts ; like all true artists, she has certain leading ideas and certain favourite traits of character, which, without preventing individuality, stamp them as her own.

Sigismund Forster is a young student of Bonn, handsome, spirited, and talented, without being remarkably brilliant. A party of merry companions are discussing what some

say are the and politi to their ag While wa university girl of the at, Tosca hood, sud mund, wh struck by a ball, and her hand has no da donable r in the room little inci them mos continue in favour, b passing b accidental woman of inverte he vows i Poor Tos of his suc "She av her though heart fel on his birth of wishing for him on quite dark faint light curtains a According new-year' on the wind 'Flowers, alou, 'th from the i on hyacinth melia. Fl birthdays, the rose ; to send him it comes, changing turns !— do not s gathered a green and lies, boun trembling anxiou that they was, that came, an

" Sigisprise. At which w Then, mig band? A ivy. He cover wh— and see through under he flower no cried he, she, then obtrusive no flower blue dece apart, atten tended b thought her gift, came in.

" ' Oh God,' cri "An you ?' a " ' Yo us,' said here,—b gratulat can sel

" ' Co no secre act the

say are the leading topics of *mankind*, women and politics, the former, of course, as natural to their age, being the most engrossing theme. While warmly voting every professor of the university wanting in profundity, and every girl of their acquaintance as unfit to be looked at, Tosca Beiron, the belle of the neighbourhood, suddenly passes their window. Sigismund, who is a new comer, is wonderfully struck by this first sight of her great beauty, and gazes long and anxiously after the receding figure. A day or two after he meets her at a ball, and with some modest hesitation begs her hand for a dance, but the admired Tosca has no dance disengaged; however, by a pardonable *ruse*, she places Sigismund in her list in the room of some less inspiring youth; this little incident opens the acquaintance between them most favourably, and for some time they continue meeting, each growing in the other's favour, but without one word of *interest* passing between them. At length Sigismund accidentally learns that Tosca's mother is a woman of rank, and having, from boyhood, an inveterate prejudice against a *Gräfin* (Countess), he vows in his inmost heart eternal enmity, if he cannot compass indifference, towards her. Poor Tosca, utterly unconscious of the cause of his sudden coldness, at length hears he is ill and alone.

Let us give an extract of the little events of New Year's Day, which will bring the hero and heroine at once before our readers:—

"She awoke very early on the new year's morning, her thoughts wholly bent upon Sigismund. Her heart felt heavy at the idea that he was ill, and alone on his birthday, and that perhaps no one even thought of wishing him joy, or preparing any little pleasure for him on this double feast-day. She rose, it was yet quite dark and only the moon's last quarter cast a faint light on the snow-covered street; she opened the curtains and looked at the light-frozen window-panes. According to an old superstition, one may foretell, on new-year's day, from the fantastic forms of the frost on the window, what the coming year will bring forth. 'Flowers, and nothing but flowers,' said she, half aloud, 'that's a good prophecy.' Her eyes turned from the ice-flowers to the real ones blooming near, on hyacinths, myrtle, and the haughty dark red camelia. Flowers are charming, and particularly on birthdays, thought Tosca, and hastily she plucked off the rose; now would it not be just the thing if I were to send him a nosegay? He will not know from whom it comes, and quite secretly I can have the pleasure of changing the flowers to a 'wish him many happy returns!'—and what shall I do with the rose if I do not send it, now that I have plucked it? She gathered a few more flowers, mixed them with winter-green and erika, the rose in the centre, and the loveliest bouquet was ready. With beating heart and trembling hands she laid it on the table. Tosca felt anxious for the moment when she had the assurance that they were in his hands. Her only comfort was, that he never would know from whom they came, and that surely they would please him."

* * * * *

"Sigismund received the bouquet with inward surprise. At first he looked about to find some hidden billet which would explain from whence. But nothing! Then, might it not be wrapped in some well-known band? Again nothing! It was twined together with ivy. He observed the flowers very attentively, to discover whether they named no favourite name to him—and see, as he beheld the rose, Tosca Beiron ran through his head. Before, when he used to pass under her window, he had too often remarked this flower not to come at once to this conclusion. 'Oh!' cried he, 'the bouquet from her is it? How comes she, then—she, the haughty, disdainful—to be so—so obtrusive! Tosca, I cannot suffer you; because—no flowers of yours will I have, you have blue eyes, blue deceitful eyes, and—and—he tore the bouquet apart, and threw the lovely flowers, once so carefully tended by Tosca, carelessly over the table. Then he thought how he should let her know that he despised her gift. In the midst of his cogitations some friends came in.

"Oh, look, Sigismund among flowers; a spring God,' cried one.

"And what Flora has scattered her bounty over you?" asked another.

"Yes, yes, women are always sure to be before us," said a third. "The day hardly dawns and we are here,—but earlier still a woman has sent her congratulations in a significant—indeed, a *very* significant *selam*."

"Come, let us know! Who is this Flora? only, no secretiveness, Sigismund! Now, don't pretend to set the demure with us!"

"I cannot be silent, because I know nothing," answered Sigismund, shortly.

"Oh, oh! who believes that?"

"Silence is a very excellent thing towards women, but with friends?"

"When I say I know nothing," returned Sigismund yet more decidedly, "you ought to rest upon my word; I know nothing of it."

"Sigismund was hasty and passionate as a youth, and ill-bred as a boy, but insolent, I had almost said, as a man, he was not; and under no condition would he have mentioned Tosca, or the name of any other innocent creature, or suffered it to be surmised.

"As I know not from whom they come," added Sigismund, "they are indifferent to me."

"On your honour, dear brother?"

"Indifferent, upon my honour," said he.

"Then we may as well divide them amongst us," said another, still doubting, but anxious to put Sigismund to the test.

"Certainly," returned he; "we will divide them, and I will take the rose."

"Oh poor Tosca! In one moment the flowers were seized, and in another adorned the button-holes of young and, to her, strange people. Then they spoke of other things.

"Towards noon Sigismund went out. If I could only show her, thought he, that it is by no means the thing for a gentle damsel to send about flowers in this way. He passed her house with the rose in his button-hole. Tosca sat as usual by her frame-work in the window, while several persons, with new-year wishes, were gathered round her mother's sofa. She paid no attention to their remarks; she thought only of her flowers and Sigismund. Presently she saw him and her rose. Her eyes sparkled, and a deep blush spread like lightning over her sweet face. He wore the rose, therefore he must be pleased. He did not look up, therefore he did not guess it came from her. But suppose he did? Then he wished not to embarrass her. She felt really grateful to him that he had not greeted her. Sigismund, on the contrary, had remarked her carefully, but with hasty steps he walked past, and up to a pretty woman who was coming towards him. She was his landlady, and the wife of a bookbinder, with whom he always exchanged a playful or good-humoured word. He turned with her, gave her his congratulations, and added, he had nothing better to offer her than this rose; but for that very reason she must take it. The pretty woman replied she would most willingly, for this was a rose of a rare kind. Sigismund gave it her. Tosca sat a few minutes absorbed in her secret delight, her eyes still fixed upon the street; suddenly she started—Sigismund came back without the rose; a pretty woman was near him, and she carried the rose in her hand. Tosca turned pale, but could not move her eyes away. Sigismund was talking with the woman in a very lively strain. Just as he passed Tosca's window, he looked up quietly at her, with a haughty motion of the head, and bowed very low, but in the coldest manner. Then he went on with his companion. Tosca did not return his greeting. He knows all, and he despises me! rushed through her mind. She sprang up, went to her room, knelt down and wept bitterly. Sigismund shut himself up alone the whole day."

Tosca's mother the following day taken ill, and shortly after dies. Tosca herself, worn out with anxiety and watching, became visibly delicate and sickly, and was advised to travel. When she returned to Bonn in the spring healthy and blooming, Sigismund Forster was no longer there.

We now pass over a lapse of ten or twelve years; Sigismund is established in Berlin in an important office under government; Tosca Beiron has married an old general of her own name, and, for the benefit of her dying husband, who has taken a particular fancy for a certain house, Tosca calls upon the owner to induce him to take the upper story and leave the lower to them. This owner is no other than Sigismund Forster, who, of course, yields directly to this wish of the once well-known Tosca; however his benevolence might have made him act towards any other person, thrown thus together, and meeting naturally every day, all their young feelings are revived with more than youthful force. Tosca becomes so gradually aware of her affection, that it is only about the time of her husband's death that she can acknowledge it to herself; with Sigismund it is otherwise; for some months he had been betrothed to a young girl named Agatha, in Magdeburg, and the consciousness of his growing love for Tosca, and consequent indifference to Agatha, to whom, in another three months, he was to be married, throws him, as it would any other man, into a very misera-

ble state of mind. To relieve himself, as he thinks, he flies from Berlin, and tries to renew all his fondness for Agatha by enforcing her claims upon him, in his own mind, against this comparatively recent passion for Tosca—but it is useless; various little incidents conspire against him during his short visit to Magdeburg, and he leaves it worse than he left Berlin, having the additional misery of placing an innocent young girl in great unhappiness, brought on wholly by him, and not *wholly* unavoidably. For it was always in his power, as in that of every one else, to be honest—none can command their affections, but all can be truthful. General Beiron and Tosca had no children, but he had a sister who owned twelve, and this sister, the Countess Adlercorn, felt, as many persons fancy they have a right to feel, great annoyance, and indeed anger, at the marriage of her brother with a young woman. Her ill-will was modified in some degree as year after year rolled on, and no children appeared to inherit his property, by the reflection that after his death it would be possible to gain a part, if not all, from the young widow: she had married most of her daughters as people say *well*—that is, she had given them money or rank in preference to youth and sympathy; her eldest son, named Ignaz, shared in the highest degree all her cunning and manœuvring talents, and in the hope of gaining something by his presence, he resolved to visit his uncle, make himself useful and agreeable to him, and keep his attention fixed upon their grand object, the general's property.

Ignaz is by no means important through this narrative, except at the conclusion; but we have been thus precise about him and his family, because *Cecil*, a late novel of Madame HAHN-HAHN, introduces characters from them, and we promise ourselves shortly to present a notice of it. Almost all her tales contain persons known in former works, consequently it is necessary, if one is read, to read all. We may remark this as almost a feature of this age of fiction; many instances of it occur among our own novelists, and in France George Sand has given the world a sequel to her *Countess Rudolstadt*.

But to return; Ignaz succeeds admirably Tosca and the general believe him to be all that is amiable and generous; indeed, the latter, who has been told by Ignaz that he suffers the anger of his mother for this proceeding, thinks the young man singularly self-devoted thus to spend his youth in care and attention upon a sick relation. Ignaz, in the true spirit of cunning, hopes to win from Tosca, if not from the general, this long-desired property, keep the greater part himself, and give as little as possible to his mother and sisters. The general dies after a few months' residence in Sigismund's house, and Tosca, desirous to do all justice to her husband's family, gives her business into Sigismund's hands, with the desire that half his property be divided and given to the ambitious Adlercorns. Ignaz, who, from the first moment of seeing him, entertained a hatred to Sigismund, is doubly enraged at this, and endeavours to poison Tosca's mind against him; and having heard he was betrothed, but nothing of his rupture with Agatha, he makes use of this as an irresistible weapon against him.

In his presence, Ignaz, believing his information incontrovertible, inquires of Tosca whether she knows Sigismund is to be married on a certain day?

"Sigismund said quietly, 'Count, you're a villain.'

"But while Ignaz continued, Tosca looked at him so sharply, so penetratingly, as if she would pierce the depths of his soul and there read the truth. There was something in his demeanour and his words which expressed entire conviction, and she cast an almost imploring glance at Sigismund as if she entreated him to deny Ignaz with one word.

"Sigismund stood still, as if rooted to the ground, as if stoned, only living in the look which he raised

towards Tosca. When this look met hers, she uttered a loud cry; she felt that Sigismund could not pronounce the word 'Liar!' she so hoped and expected.

"Tosca!" exclaimed Sigismund, and fell on his knees before her.

"She advanced to him, looked on him firmly, laid her hands as firmly on his shoulders, as though she would fix him to the earth, and said firmly,

"Sigismund Forster! You asked me if I could love you. See; so deeply, so fervently, so eternally as I have loved you—so deeply, so fervently, so eternally do I despise you!"

"She went slowly to her room. Sigismund and Ignaz exchanged some words, and they separated."

Sigismund sends to Tosca the letters which have passed between him and Agatha, which entirely exculpate him in Tosca's mind.

"How could she reproach him when he had acted under the influence of love for her, love, at that time so utterly hopeless. 'Oh, he loves me—he loves me! and only me!' and the tears, hitherto dried up by sorrow, and restrained like ice in her bosom, burst forth in torrents, and refreshed her like a spring shower after a violent thunderstorm."

Shortly after, Ignaz informs her of the coming duel, which she does all in her power to prevent, but ineffectually. She then, as a last consolation, accompanied by her surgeon, rides with Sigismund to the place of meeting.

"Tosca put up the window of her carriage, let down the blind, and fell upon her knees. God alone knows whether she was able to pray. There was a shot.

"Sigismund!" cried Tosca.
"There was a second. The surgeons and seconds bore Sigismund between them. Ignaz hurried with post-horses towards Hamburg. His ball had pierced Sigismund directly over the heart. The least motion, and he would die.

"No hope?" asked Tosca.
"The surgeons were silent.
"Tosca!" cried Sigismund. He raised himself, and stretched out his arms to her.

"She threw hers around him, and kissed him—and he died."

We have hardly ever met with a novel in which so sad a termination has called forth more sympathy; indeed, one might almost characterize Madame HAHN-HAHN as peculiarly sympathetic—with tears, perhaps not with mirth. In our last remarks upon the Countess in *Aus der Gesellschaft* we sufficiently described her general style of writing to render further observations on this point unnecessary. Though much read, we can hardly think her works are fully appreciated in Germany. We have often observed, *apropos* of female authors, that the beauty of their heroines is mostly in inverse proportion to their own. If an authoress be plain, she invariably insists much upon the remarkable loveliness of her principal characters, and infinitely more so than a woman who possesses a medium share of beauty herself. Writers seem to think that their characters cannot be interesting unless perfect in this respect; and we think, in *Consuelo*, George Sand has done the thinking portion of the public most essential service, in proving that a heroine can be noble, self-devoted, and absorb the sympathies of all, wholly by her mental qualifications, for *Consuelo* is by no means remarkable for beauty. Madame HAHN-HAHN, on the contrary, never has a woman in her novels who is not a model of beauty, a mirror of loveliness, which, indeed, is rather a disadvantage, inasmuch as it detracts not a little from the engrossing interest of the character; in fact, though possible, it is not probable, and mankind ever at heart prefer the most natural. Let us extract here some remarks of her own upon female fascination:—

"It is an old experience that fascination may be perfectly independent of youth and beauty. Cleopatra was a little, thin, black woman; the princess Eboli had only one eye; Diana of Poictiers could well have been the mother of her kingly lover. Enchantment begins precisely when the general means of pleasing have ceased to exist.

"I know well on what such fascination is to be grounded; but every one will doubt me. It is good health. I tell you, without good health, without freshness and strength, the most perfect organization is incapable of any fascination. Yes;

the beautiful Eboli had only one eye: yes; the beautiful Diana was forty years old! and both had wept, and sorrowed, and troubled themselves to small extent indeed, for otherwise no one is charming. You must observe this—one must pay for it with pain and tears! But what harm is that? The best gift of nature, excellent good health, provides that one may pass through cares, uneasiness, and anxiety, and not grow ugly. A woman may spend half a year melted in tears, and it will do infinitely less harm to her beauty than a sick head-ache for three days. She must be healthy. In a weak and nervous body the soul is not free; it never has power to develop her gifts round, clear, and full; without it, neither the physical nor the mental graces can appear. When I hear of an uncommonly beautiful and charming woman, I instantly ascribe seven-eighths of her glory to her good health."

This sounds like truth, and we would advise all our lady readers to pay deep attention to it, and profit thereby.

The Countess HAHN-HAHN is on the point of publishing her recent travels. When they appear, we shall make a point of noticing them. Meanwhile we shall content ourselves with this, and what we may call its continuation—*Cecil*.

The Mysterious Man: a Novel. By the Author of "Ben Bradshawe." In 3 vols. London, 1844. Newby.

A FARCE in three volumes, interspersed with a little melo-drama. Such is the character of this novel. Its title may tempt many lovers of the romantic to borrow it in hope to find a very feast of the wild and the wonderful. But a woeful disappointment awaits them. The Mysterious Man is nothing more than an Irishman who emigrates to England to seek his fortunes, and his adventures in this pursuit form the framework of the story. His mystery is thus accounted for. He had heard that in England Irishmen are out of favour, and that it was in vain to ask employment in any capacity in that character. The hero, therefore, drops his patronymic of Terence O'Sullivan, and assumes the title and aspect of Count Bundleoff. This gives occasion for the introduction of a multitude of comic situations, and broad, but somewhat threadbare jokes, which would do well enough for the stage, but are scarcely adapted for the closet.

The underplot is of a melo-dramatic character, that introduces us to a charming brother and sister, wit, Edwin and Fanny Latimer, who are sought to be made the victims of two attorneys, Marks and Silverceel, lawyers of the breed which exists nowhere but in plays, and whose doings are such as could not, by any stretch of ingenuity, be conducted in real life. Great poverty of invention is shewn by the author in the whole of this portion of his novel, or rather, we should say, that he displays either a monstrous ignorance of actual life or a grievous contempt for probabilities.

And if the plot of the *Mysterious Man* be bad, the portraiture of character is worse. The sketches are not taken from life, but from books or from the stage. The personages are unreal; they want individuality; the villains and the good folk are alike conventional; they are of the old-established novel school, and consequently leave no impression upon the memory, for they do not write themselves in distinct outline upon the mind as we read.

The author's excellence lies in his composition. He has the faculty of vividly and forcibly conveying his ideas to the reader. His language is unaffected, and therefore agreeable, and he writes good vernacular, with a most commendable contempt for the fashionable mosaic with which some of our novelists insult good taste. This is a merit that atones for many of the faults we have noted, and conceals from the uncritical reader many of his defects. Altogether it is a fiction which we could not recommend to a library whose orders must be limited, nor to readers whose restricted leisure compels to exercise a choice; but the more capacious of the former and omnivorous of the latter may procure it, assured that they will not find it altogether wanting in attractions.

The Rector in Search of a Curate. By A CHURCH-MAN. London, Hatchard.

As its name would indicate, this is of the class technically termed religious novels, that is to say, fictions framed for the express purpose of inculcating the writer's dogmas, generally sought to be

effected by painting all who hold them as angels, and all who differ from them as little better than devils.

The Tractarians have made extensive use of this mode of propagating a faith, and, seeing their success, the author of the volume before us has set it up as an opposition, its purpose being the very reverse, and its aim, to write down the Tractarians, and write up the evangelical section of our Church. The rector of the tale wants a curate; he tries several: the comparative results of their pastoral care upon the village confided to them are intended to shew the comparative excellence of their various creeds: the Tractarian producing all kinds of mischief; the man of the good, easy, last-century-race of clergymen, breeding dissent and laxities of divers kinds, and the evangelical curate being made to restore the straying sheep to the flock, and convert the whole community to a species of saintship more easily imagined in fiction than producible in real life.

Upon this framework is hung a wearisome mass of controversy, all, of course, one-sided, because conducted with a foregone conclusion, and with a determination to make the writer's own side have the best of it. This it is which destroys the value of all controversial fictions, and makes religious novels, as they are termed, peculiarly offensive to good taste and Christian feeling. We give our readers fair warning of the character of this one, that they may not be deceived into purchase by its title.

EDUCATION.

The Middle System of Teaching Classics; a Manual for Classical Teachers. By the Rev. H. P. HAUGHTON, B. A., Incumbent of Flimwell, Sussex, &c. London, 1844. Parker.

THIS little treatise professes to bring before the public a new and modified system of teaching the classics.

The author commences with some remarks on the value of classical acquirement, admitting, however, that it does not repay the sacrifice of years demanded by the Eton and Westminster systems. He objects equally to the very rapid teaching of the Hamiltonian system as being superficial. But he proposes a third and middle course.

"The system," he says, "should be adapted to the mind of the pupil; it should, therefore, be distinguished for simplicity and plainness of comprehension and brevity of ideas, both pleasing and entertaining;" the mind must be employed, informed, and strengthened, without being wearied and perplexed; and the attention kept up without being overstrained.

Mr. HAUGHTON asserts that his system has these requisites, and in proof of its capability, he adds that "he has no objection to guarantee" that a youth of ordinary intelligence, and willing to apply, "shall be qualified, by it, for passing the previous public examination of the University of Oxford within the space of one year; and the subsequent and ordinary examination for the first degree within half a year more." These are large promises, and if performed, Mr. HAUGHTON has earned a title to the gratitude of mankind.

Contrary to the Hamiltonian system, he begins with grammar, advocating a mastery of the rules of language before the language itself is taught. But, we presume, that by grammar he means the science of language generally, apart from the particular tongue about to be learned. He seems to consider that the first language a child acquires, that is, his native one, is learned by first hearing a word and then finding what thing that word indicates. Subsequent languages should, he contends, be taught by reversing the process, and, the idea present, the pupil must be informed how it is expressed in that new language. This he argues to be the natural course. An infant hears the word horse, and afterwards learns that it is applied to the animal. But when we want to teach the child Latin, for instance, it is more natural that he should be informed that what we name a horse is, in Latin, *equus*, than that he should be taught that *equus* is a horse; because the one employs the judgment, the other only the memory.

This done, the roots and derivatives are to be taught, passing from one to the other, and associating them together; then the accident of grammar, the teacher taking care always to teach analytically. He should first read and explain to the

pupil the matter to be learned: the readings of each day should be repeated for three successive days, at least, until they are thoroughly mastered by the memory.

Grammar, or the science of words, being learned, Syntax, or the science of sentences, is next to be taught. Collocation follows, and should precede translation; these are the principles on which different parts of speech hold certain places or local situations in the sentences.

Translation is the next step, and this should be taught by *first* placing good translations in the pupil's hands, and here the Hamiltonian principle is adopted as the only rational one. Parsing finally tests the pupil's knowledge, and enables him readily to apply the various rules he has learned.

Such are the main features of the system put forth by Mr. HAUGHTON. It is certainly a rational one, it appeals to common sense, and takes nature for its guide. We do not doubt that it is capable of extensive application in schools and private families, and that it would produce the invaluable results he claims for it. The volume, to which the reader is referred for ample instructions as to the best manner of practically working the system, and every part of it, closes with the following condensed view of the scheme, which, in justice to the author, and as interesting to our readers, we will extract:—

"The system is a middle system. A teacher should be qualified, by partiality for teaching, acquaintance with both Greek and Latin, and intellectual training. A pupil should be prepared, by beginning to study in younger years, and being taught his own language, which he may perfect his ability to spell, after he has begun classics, to the advanced stages of which he should not proceed till he can read the languages correctly and fluently. A class may consist of as many pupils as a teacher can command, and should be in a separate apartment. The science of language and grammar should be taught as introductory to them; and by a plain and short view of its parts, first, analytical, and, next, synthetical. The particular science of parts of speech should be taught, as introductory to them, by an analytical illustration. When a pupil enters upon the conjunction of his own language with that he is learning, the former should stand first and the latter next. The roots and derivatives of languages should, first, be taught by a vocabulary, not voluminous, giving the exact meanings first, the original next, and the derivatives of the pupil's language last; after reading which the original should be covered, and by the assistance of the derivatives recalled; when the meanings should be covered, and given for the original. Accidence should, next, be taught. Grammars should be in a tongue with which the pupil is well acquainted. As short parts of grammar as possible should, first, be given. Accidence should, first, be given by itself; and, in Latin, the rules of genders, preterperfect tense, supines, &c. next; and syntax and prosody last. Grammars should be as plain as possible. A teacher should teach analytically, particularly, and first, read to the pupil the portion to be studied. A pupil should learn to repeat, by repeated reading. A teacher should judge when he should increase the portion. A whole class should read together. A pupil, to be fully acquainted with Greek or Latin, should, simultaneously, study both languages. The particular science of Syntax should be taught as introductory to it, and by an analytical outline. The science of Collocation should be taught as introductory to translating. Translations should be used; and be prosaic, verbal, derivative, idiomatical, and accompanied by notes. They should be read first, the original next, and the latter reperused. Rules and exceptions should next be taught; and, first, the most general and necessary. Parsing should, at the same time, be practised in writing, and reperused. Prosody also should, at the same time, be taught by practice and reference to rules in Parsing. Classics should be read in an order adapted to the preparedness of the pupil. Advanced study should be enlarged, and less bound by the strictness of the system."

"The system seeks truth by avoiding extremes, the qualifications of a teacher in zeal and learning, and the preparedness of a pupil in suitable age and knowledge; makes the acquirement of knowledge to perfect that already attained; omits no fundamental steps in proceeding; combines public and private teaching; uses science as introductory to art and the natural order of ideas and words; addresses the memory through the understanding, and impresses both by repetition; engages in studies which mutually assist; enforces rules and exceptions by reference to practical experience; carries on and enlarges studies according to mutual adaptation, and withdraws assistance as it becomes unnecessary."

Instructions in Household Matters: or, the Young Girl's Guide to Domestic Service. Written by A LADY. London, 1844.

THERE is in this volume a great deal of useful information, which others beside young girls might consult with advantage. Few housekeepers but will find in it much that they might have deemed too plain to need the telling, and yet, when they read it, they wonder that they had never practised what seemed so very obvious. And the instructions are given in simple, intelligible language, and have the merit of being eminently practical. It is prefaced by some moral and religious maxims; these are followed by a mass of receipts, and recommendations for the prudent management of household affairs, manifestly the fruit of experience. The remarks on servants are excellent. What a treasure would be a treatise that should help housekeepers how to find, and how to keep good servants, and how to manage so as to make the best of bad ones. We heartily recommend this useful little volume.

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

Memoranda of a Continental Tour: Pictorial, Personal, and Political.

We continue to select from this manuscript, as it may be a useful guide to readers desirous of enjoying a short, varied, and inexpensive summer trip.

At Strasburg, our travellers took the railway to Basle, and thence they started by the night diligence for Zurich, burning with anxiety to enter upon the glories of Switzerland. He thus describes the

FIRST SIGHT OF THE ALPS.

"I was wakened by a fresh breeze upon my cheek, and the good-humoured voice of the *conducteur* in my ear, 'Voilà, Monsieur, les Alpes!' I started up and rubbed my eyes. He had considerably thrown back the hood, so as to open to us the entire landscape. It was broad day; the tip of the sun's disk was just peeping above the horizon. On the sky at the left was a long line of clouds of all fantastic shapes, some peaked, some rounded, but motionless, and lit up with the crimson glories of the coming day. What thunder-batteries are those, thought I; may we reach our destination ere they approach. 'Are they not magnificent?' inquired our *conducteur*, seeing my admiring gaze. 'I never saw more terrible thunder-clouds,' said I; 'they are grand indeed.' 'Clouds, Sir; what clouds; I see none,' returned my companion, looking as if he thought me mad. 'There,' said I, pointing to the masses that hung motionless upon the horizon. 'Got dam, Monsieur,' he said, mustering an English oath with a grin, 'those are the Alps!'"

After a hasty inspection of Zurich, they proceeded to Zug; and this is the report of

A SWISS LANE.

"Our route lay through a road resembling an English country lane, the boughs almost meeting over-head, the same flowers decking the banks and hedges that are familiar to us in Somerset. On either hand the same little meadows, with their bright green pastures, so soft and carpet-like, the same trees crowding the hedge-rows, the same clumps of forest-wood here and there dotting the fields by a brook-side, or on the margin of a spring. It was altogether an English landscape, through which we travelled for many miles, over a road so rough as to threaten dislocation to the cars, and often to place us within a hair's breadth of an overthrow. Yet on went our driver, reckless of life or limb, cracking his lash without ceasing, and making the woods ring again, galloping up hill and down, without drag to protect horse or rider, singing and laughing, and throwing jokes at the country girls as he passed along, the very merriest dog of a driver that ever flourished whip."

Soon after mid-day it grew intensely hot, and the road on the border of the lake of Zug is carved out of the rock, whose sides reflected the sunbeams.

A HOT RIDE.

"After a hurried dinner we were again thrust into a car and carried along a narrow road upon the margin of the lake. The sun shone right upon us, and his rays were reflected from the water on the one side and a wall of rock upon the other. The heat was almost insupportable; it was worse than the sunny side of a London street on a cloudless summer day, when pavement and bricks are burning to the touch, and the air seems to have just escaped from an oven. How I envied the fish that looked so cool in the blue waters below; what a happy fellow was that boatman crossing the broad open lake, who could dip his hand into the cold liquid he was scarcely disturbing with his

oar! The leaves upon the walnut-trees were drooping. The Count made several ineffectual attempts to laugh, but the mustache was drooping like the leaves, and would not be stirred; his best jokes fell still-born, his audience were too faint to understand them; unbroken silence reigned within the car, before so noisy, and uncomfortable conjectures seemed to be arising in the minds of the passengers whether they might not be stifled before their journey's end."

The Rhigi was their destiny, and they resolved to scale it on foot: it is an excellent first trial of Swiss travelling. They passed the desolated village of Goldau, a history of whose ruin, by a landslip, is narrated. But we pass it over, that we may dwell more at length upon the details of mountain travelling, which will have more both of utility and interest for our readers. A word of advice may be committed to memory.

KEEP TO THE PATH.

"Made thoughtful and sad by the melancholy story we had heard, rendered the more impressive by the visible evidence of its truth, we marched on, and in silence for some time, until winding through a path cut in the mountain side, with a deep dell below, through which a stream fell in a succession of noisy water-falls, we entered a black pine wood, and here the ascent became less tedious. Steps had been cut for the accommodation of the mules, and luxuriating in the aromatic fragrance of the fir, which is associated with the memories of so many of the wildest and grandest places, we gradually recovered the cheerfulness which the story of the Rossberg had interrupted, and with much laughter dared one another to a scramble up the steepest spots, going straight ahead, while the prudent path wound backwards and forwards in a spiral, with a gradual rise. Our guide doggedly pursued the longer way, and as we gained upon him, and, turning, beheld him far below, steadily stepping to and fro, while we had gone straight up, we felt not a little self-satisfaction thus, in our very first mountain excursion, to have beaten the practised foot of the sturdy Swiss. But brief was our triumph. Soon we found the breath failing and the knees tottering, and we were fain to sit awhile and rest; and then we went on, and then lay down at full length and rested for a still longer time, until we beheld our guide, who had never gone an inch from the path, close upon our heels, and speedily he was in advance of us. 'It's always the way with strangers,' he said, 'they think to reach the mountain-tops by striding up the sides, as if they were in a street. Always keep to the path, gentlemen, and though it will be a deal longer, you will reach your journey's end more quickly, and with half the fatigue.' We did not forget the lesson which had been thus experimentally taught us. It was wise in the guide to let us practise first and give us the precept after. His teaching would have been lost had it not been backed by experience."

Half-way up the ascent of the Rhigi, our travellers came upon a party of their Rhine friends.

CITS ON A MOUNTAIN.

"Ha! here is the city grocer and his fat lady—our old friends of the Rhine. He bestrides a horse, probably for the first time in his life; his legs cling convulsively to the animal's flanks; his hands grasp the saddle; the perspiration is streaming from his face; his eyes are wild with fear. And the poor fellow is travelling for pleasure! His happier helpmate is seated snugly in a chair, and carried by two men, who groan beneath the unusual load, and are obliged to set down their burden and rest themselves every twenty yards or so. In these distant places, it is agreeable to meet with a countenance one has seen before, however brief the acquaintance, and there was an instant recognition and greeting. But the grocer could only gasp forth broken sentences. 'So, you have resolved to see Switzerland, after all?' said I. 'Wife—persuasion—oh! Lord,' and he gave such a hideous groan. 'This is a magnificent spot,' I continued. 'Terrible—break-neck—'orse—precipice—oh!' 'You are alarmed,' I continued; 'accidents don't often happen; the horses are very sure-footed.' 'Do you think there is any danger with the men?' inquired the lady, with an air of conscious superiority in her own courage as contrasted with the alarms of her husband. 'They have been known to miss their footing,' I returned, looking at them with a glance which they perfectly understood, 'if the load is great and the ground slippery, they do sometimes fall.' 'What, over the cliffs,' shrieked the lady, 'and are killed?' 'Oh! no,' I replied; 'they never go over, for when they feel themselves falling they throw down their load, and so save themselves. It's better that one should perish than all.' 'I'll not be a victim for nobody!' exclaimed the lady, frightened in her turn, and turning to the bearers, 'I've paid you fellows to carry me safely, and if you dare to throw me over Mr. —— will have the law of you; d'ye hear?' The men heard, indeed, but they did not understand, and they stood grinning and did not answer. 'You won't

then? then I don't go another step; I won't trust my life to you any longer. Mr. —— come back! Her husband was by this time some distance in advance, so he did not hear her call. Deeming it time to lay the storm, I assured her that the Rhigi was a perfectly safe expedition, and that her life was yet worth many years' purchase. This assurance pacified her, and she proceeded on her way, not, however, without sympathy for the fears of her good man, which she had laughed at before."

Another scrap is worth noting.

A HINT.

"Up, up; pause not to drink the milk with which goat-herds tempt you on your way. I did; and if I had swallowed a cannon-ball there could not have been a more painful sense of a solid substance in the stomach than that which I experienced for many hours after. Avoid milk as poison when you are walking. Drink nothing but water warmed with a few drops of brandy, or a draught of the thin wines of the country. Reader, if ever you track the footsteps described in these pages—however thirsty, hungry, parched, wearied, resist the temptation of a draught of milk!"

After long toil they reach

THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

"... magnificent indeed it is. The face of the country is like a map, on which cantons, cities, lakes, towns, and villages may be read at a glance. Hills, that looked like mountains when we were at their feet, now are like so many mole-heaps scattered over a meadow. Lakes, miles in length, seem like ponds in a gentleman's park. Behind us the chain of the Alps lift their snowy tops unto the sky, gradually melting into the air at either extremity. I distinctly counted more than one hundred mountain-peaks, all lighted up with the rosy hues of the sunset. On the very small level platform a mob of persons, gathered from every civilized nation in the world, crowded with us, watching the sunset, which fortunately proved to be a cloudless one. It is a strange and unique spectacle. Travellers from America, from Russia, from Great Britain, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, two or three Greeks, a Turk, and a Persian prince, our companion, the Bavarian count, a wanderer from Norway, a tourist from Brazil, half a dozen noblemen, some dozen or two of the gentry, as many errant tradesmen, guides, Swiss girls selling flowers and toys; and such variety of garb—the last fashions from Paris, bonnets à la mode, Swiss bonnets and bonnetless head-dresses; the exquisite fittings of Stoltz, the cheap coats of Doudney, shooting-jackets, blouses, and Chesterfields; French boots, thick shapeless walking shoes, snow-boots, and ladies' slippers—studded that little green grassy flat, whose dwelling is in the clouds, whenever clouds there are. To this small spot they had come, over sea and land, borne by wind, and steam, and horse, over many thousands, almost all over hundreds of miles, to see the sun set and rise again from this lofty pinnacle piled up amid Nature's grandest and most glorious creations.

"I crept to the edge of the precipice and looked down with fear. More than five thousand feet below me lay the lake of Zug, flat and bright as a mirror. The dark blue of its depths was beautiful. The boats upon its surface were white dots barely discernible; the cottages upon its shores were but doll-houses. Round I turned, and round, and round, lost in wonder at the vast extent of view, glancing from the Alpine range on the one side to the mighty plain on the other, and doubtful which most to admire, and whether boundless extent or gigantic height were the most sublime.

"The impression was one of profound awe and reverence. I could not speak: I could not even think clearly. Anew sense seemed suddenly to have been given. Until now, I had formed no accurate conception of distance and magnitude. I felt inclined to fall down and worship in this only fitting temple for a God. So did the scene fill the mind, that for a moment I forgot that I was human; the spirit seemed to burst its bonds of flesh and become a part of the mighty world around it; the bosom heaved as if it would crack, the scene had filled the soul; I existed only to see. For the first time in my life I recognized the true sense of the sublime, of which we talk much but know so little. And here, too, for the first time, I had an idea of DEITY."

And here we pause for the present.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. CAMPBELL, THE POET.—Mr. Moxon, of the Chancery Bar, one of the executors of the deceased poet (in the absence of Dr. W. Beattie, the other executor), has applied to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, to ascertain whether, in the event of the friends of Mr. Campbell being desirous that his remains should be interred in the Poet's-corner in the Abbey, the necessary permission would be granted for that purpose; and the Dean and Chapter have been pleased to signify to Mr. Moxon that such permission would be given.

Mr. Leigh Hunt is stated to have received an agreeable visit in the shape of an income for life, of 150*l.* a year, under the will of the late Sir T. Shelley, bart, the father of his deceased friend, Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet.—*Globe*.—[We believe the fact to be somewhat different. The sum (whether 150*l.* or 100*l.* a year, for both have been mentioned) is allowed by the present baronet, Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the poet, an example of liberality to the attached friend of his father which will ever be remembered to his honour.]

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.—In October last an Act came into operation exempting literary and scientific institutions from parochial rates, on the certificate of the barrister appointed to certify the rules of friendly societies. This week a return has been printed, shewing the applications granted and refused under the Act in question. In Ireland six institutions had obtained the certificate, and the barrister had not refused an application. In England and Wales one hundred and eighty-three have obtained certificates, and five have been refused.

The Paris papers lament a touching calamity, which has befallen the historian M. Augustin Thierry, in the death of his wife, who has a double literary interest, as a clever writer herself, and the amanuensis of her distinguished husband, in his blindness. Madame Thierry, the daughter of the Admiral de Quérangal, smitten with admiration for the works of the historian, had formed an ardent wish to soothe the sufferings of his life, and lighten his darkness with the perpetual presence of a friend, and having become his wife, thirteen years have passed away in a devotedness, the details of which it is affecting to read, and her loss to this frail and sightless man it is painful to think of. To the outer world of literature Madame Thierry was known by her romance of *Adélaïde* and her *Scènes de Mœurs aux dix-huitième et dix-neuvième Siècles*. She was attended to her grave by the most eminent literary men in the capital, with the veteran Chateaubriand at their head.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

WOMAN'S HAIR.

SONNET.

In glossy curls, swimming like clouds, and trailing
Raggedly down. Hast thou not seen hair 'so'?
Thou mayst behold it in a woman wailing,
In grief unutterable. In heavy woe,
The fingers run into the nice-combed hair,
Unbandaging the slave-tied ringlets there,
As if confusion were affliction's order.
Read thou how Constance let her tresses fall
Around her burning temples, like a border,
At her poor Arthur's fate. And women all
Are Constances in this, that in strong passion
They tear their beautiful and floating locks.
Art is a stranger unto life's deep shocks,
And sorrow hath no sympathy with fashion.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

NECROLOGY.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ., AUTHOR OF
"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

It is with sincere regret we announce the death of this amiable man and celebrated and accomplished poet, which took place on Saturday, the 15th instant, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, whither he had retired for the benefit of his health. Mr. Campbell, we believe, was in his sixty-fourth year, and was a native of Glasgow. In early life he occupied the situation of tutor in a private family, residing on the sea-coast of the island of Mull, and while there planned, and partly executed, his celebrated poem *The Pleasures of Hope*. Mr. Campbell afterwards removed to Edinburgh; and again, after a short interval, to London. He settled at Sydenham, and devoted himself to literature. The success of his poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, procured him admission into the most intellectual society of London, and he was universally recognised as one of the brightest stars in that bright galaxy of poets who shed a lustre on the first quarter of the present century. The mingled elegance and fervour of his style—the independence and liberality of his ideas—and the nobleness of his aspirations for the freedom and improvement of mankind—rendered him a great accession to the liberal cause in those days when liberalism was a greater merit, and less widely extended than it is now; and the warmest anticipations were indulged in of the future career of the young poet. He successively published the poems of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which he himself preferred to *The Pleasures of Hope*, and in which verdict the best judges of poetry agree; *Theodoric*, various songs and ballads, and more lately *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*. His *Theodoric* has found but few admirers; his *Pilgrim of Glencoe*, written in the decline of his years and imagination, still fewer; but the

universal voice of criticism has pronounced his lyrics to be, without exception, the finest in the language. There is nothing equal of their kind in the whole range of our literature to *The Battle of the Baltic*, *Ye Mariners of England*, and *Hohenlinden*; lyrics which, indeed, to use the words of Sir Philip Sydney, in speaking of the ballad of *Cherry Chace*, "stir the heart like the sound of a trumpet." Many others of his ballads and lyrics are scarcely inferior: *Lochiel's Warning*, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, *The Soldier's Dream*, *The Last Man*, *Wiesbaden's Gentle Hind*, and others, rise before us as we recall them to our memory, and make us deplore that the poet who could write so well would write so little, and that he has left the world no more compositions like these—so fine in conception, so elegant and so vigorous in execution, and so tender and so true in their sentiment. Mr. Campbell, besides publishing a selection from the British poets, which has become a standard work, was the author of various prose compositions, which, had he not been so great a poet, would alone have gained him fame; but the merits of which were comparatively obscured by the greater blaze of that more difficult and more glorious renown which encircles the true poet. The principal prose works which he wrote were a *Life of Mrs. Siddons* and a *Life of Petrarch*. He also published *Letters from Algiers*, whither he went for a short visit in 1832, and more recently edited a *Life of Frederick the Great*. Mr. Campbell was at one time connected with the *Star* newspaper. He afterwards edited the *New Monthly Magazine*, and, on retiring from that office, established the *Metropolitan*, which, however, he did not long continue to edit. Mr. Campbell enjoyed a pension of 300*l.* a year, conferred upon him, we believe, through the influence of Charles James Fox, his ardent admirer and steady friend—a pension which no one ever said was ill-bestowed. But the highest honour conferred upon him was when his fellow-citizens, the students of Glasgow, elected him Lord Rector of the University—a homage to his genius as flattering as it was rare, and to which he always referred with honest pride. He was also mainly instrumental in founding, and, we believe, originated the scheme of the London University. Mr. Campbell visited Germany in 1842, and at his return, having lived since the death of his wife in the comparative loneliness of chambers, took a house in Victoria-square, Kensington, and devoted his time to the education of his niece. He found, however, that his health was failing, and he retired about a year ago to Boulogne, where, for some time, he derived benefit from the change of air and scene. But the benefit was of short duration; and, though for some months previous to his death he held but little intercourse with his friends in London, it was generally known that he was fast failing. His attached friend and physician, Dr. William Beattie, who for a period of nearly twenty years had devoted his talents and attention to him when needed, and to whom, in token of his gratitude, the poet dedicated his last work, *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, received information early last week of the dangerous state of his friend, and immediately proceeded to Boulogne. He found him in a state much worse than he had been led to anticipate, and continued to administer all the remedies that professional skill could dictate, but in vain; and death closed the scene in the presence of his niece, Dr. Beattie, and his medical attendants. Mr. Campbell was rather under the middle height, and in his youth was considered eminently handsome. There is a fine portrait of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and busts by Mr. Baily and Mr. Patrick Park; the latter a most excellent and characteristic likeness of the poet, as he appeared within the last four or five years. Mr. Campbell, we have heard, enjoyed, besides his pension, a comfortable income from the sale of his poetical works; and also had received recently a considerable accession to his means from the legacy of a friend and relative.

DR. HOPE, LATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.—We regret to announce the death of this learned gentleman, who for nearly half a century has filled the chair of chemistry in Edinburgh University, which event occurred at his house in Moray-place, at about a quarter past one o'clock in the morning of the 20th instant. The doctor's health has been failing considerably during the last few months, and on Friday, the 7th inst. we understand he was struck by paralysis, from the severity of which he never rallied. He had very nearly completed the 77th year of his age. At the close of the winter session before last he felt himself compelled, by increasing years, to resign the professorship which he had so long and so ably filled.

—*Scottish Record*.

At sea, suddenly, on board the *Thomas Coutts*, on the 14th of March, H. F. Boaden, esq. A residence in India for 17 years is supposed to have accelerated the decease of this most excellent and honourable man. He had for some time suffered most acutely from disease of the heart, which ultimately terminated in dropsy. His remains were committed to the deep on the following morning with all due solemnity, and every possible indication of respect, by the passengers, ship's company, and military on board. The deceased, who in a few days would have completed his 40th year, was youngest son of the late James Boaden,

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pronounced the finest in their kind in *Battle of the Joheninden*; of Sir Philip Chevy Chace, "pet." Many were inferior: *The Soldier's Gentleman*, &c. call them to the poet who and that he like these—vibrant in their senti- g a selection e a standard compositions, would alone it which were place of that which encloses works which and a *Life of from Algiers*, 2, and more Great. Mr. with the *Star New Monthly*, established did not long a pension of leave, through dent admirer one ever said our conferred the students of the Uni- tering as it referred with instrumental in the scheme of revisited Ger- lived since loneliness of, Kensington- ation of his health was to Boulogne, it from the was of short previous to with his friends he was fast man, Dr. Wil- twenty years him when atitude, the of Glencoe, the dangerous proceeded to much worse continued to professional skill the scene atie, and his rather under s considered a portrait of him Mr. Baily and excellent and he appeared Campbell, we a comfort- works; and accession to relative.

HEMISTRY. this learned y has filled iversity, which e, at about of the 20th tailing con- on Friday, by para- lised. He of his age. last he felt o ably filled the

Colour Music. By D. D. JAMESON. London, 1844. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We are not quite sure that we understand Mr. JAMESON's purpose, but we presume it to be to advocate the substitution of colours for the present conventional form of notes in the writing of music.

He begins by shewing that there is a relationship between sound and colour, and that it was recognized by the ancients.

He then asks why this relationship should not be revived; why we should not at the same moment gratify both senses, and he proceeds to shew how this may be done.

We cannot describe the details, but the results of his contrivance are to throw colour upon the wall of a darkened room, and by the duration and extent of the various colours, and their relative positions, to indicate the musical notes. He says the effect is enchanting.

This strange notion he illustrates by a series of diagrams, which exhibit some popular airs in colours.

It will naturally be asked, of what use is the change, even if it be practicable? To this we can find no satisfactory reply. To us it seems an absurd machinery to produce an effect which is already done by a stroke of the pen. According to Mr. JAMESON's plan, the music of an opera would fill a library.

This is one of the day-dreams in which, for lack of other occupation, busy minds are wont to indulge. It has, however, the rare recommendation of harmlessness.

sq. well known in the literary and dramatic world. United to his mercantile pursuits in Bombay, Mr. Boaden, for a long period, filled the responsible situation of agent to her Majesty's navy, to the entire satisfaction of the Crown. He was also for a series of years the confidential adviser of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, whom he regarded as his best friend and patron, and to whom he was to have returned in two years' time. By this painful affliction a widow and only son (aged nine years) are left to deplore the irreparable loss of a most excellent husband and affectionate father.

Mr. Thomas Hudson, well known for his comic songs, died last week at his residence in Museum-street.

MUSIC.

MR. HANDEL GEAR'S CONCERT.

Mr. HANDEL GEAR must be well known to all our metropolitan readers, not only as occasionally taking part in public concerts, but as a professor of great ability. On Monday last, in conjunction with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. SEGUIN, he gave his annual concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, which exhibited a crowded and extremely fashionable company, and, indeed, so crowded was it that seats were not to be obtained by all who had come to enjoy the rich musical feast that had been provided on this occasion. The principal attractions of the concert were, of course, Thalberg and Staudigl, the latter of whom was in excellent voice, and uttered his amazing volumes of sound with the clearness and tone of a trumpet. The great pianist was brilliant as he can be, and everybody knows what is his brilliancy. Madame F. Lablache seemed to delight the company amazingly, for she was very loudly applauded. Another evident favourite was Madame Anaide Castellan. To enumerate the performances would occupy more space than we can devote to a mere notice. Suffice it to remark, that the day must have been exceedingly gratifying to all engaged in amusing, as it certainly was to those who were assembled to be amused.

MR. C. E. HORN'S CONCERT.

The novel experiment, by this delightful composer, of which we gave an outline in our last, will be made to-morrow evening (Saturday) at the Polytechnic Institution. We hope in our next to be able to report its success, for the credit of English music is not a little involved in the triumph of this daring attempt by a native artist to prove that England can "discourse eloquent music" as well as her continental neighbours.

New Publications.

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Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to dust: a Sacred Melody, suggested by the Death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. The words from the 90th Psalm. The music composed by W.

AUGUSTUS WOODLEY. London, 1844. Purday. Some time since we introduced to our readers two very beautiful compositions by Mr. WOODLEY, which we ventured to commend to ladies seeking some really sweet music for their portfolios. Some correspondents inform us, that, acting upon that recommendation, they had ordered the songs of their booksellers, and the answer was, that they were out of print. We have accordingly made inquiries from the author, and he informs us, that a second edition is about to appear, and when it is ready, notice of it shall be given to our readers.

In the meanwhile it is our agreeable duty to introduce a piece of sacred music from the same pen, a composition for four voices, with organ accompaniment, admirably harmonized; whose fine swell of grand but simple harmony renders it a valuable acquisition to the place of worship. The very spirit of the funeral anthem is breathed in these majestic notes. We hope to see many more such evidences of Mr. WOODLEY's true musical genius.

ART.

Summary.

THEIR has occurred but little deserving of especial notice in the department of Art since our last report. The frescoes, cartoons, and sculpture, intended for competition under the Royal Commission, have been sent in, and are now under arrangement preparatory to the opening of the exhibition. As regards frescoes and stuccoes, it is impossible that any one taking an interest in the success of British art, whereof these will hereafter form important features, can look forward to this first public display of the kind with feelings other than of anxiety and hopefulness. Though absolutely essential to perfect internal decoration—at least, of spacious public edifices—these arts have been almost entirely neglected in this country; consequently the manipulative difficulties inseparable from the use of a vehicle with which our artists are, for the most part, unfamiliar, are so serious, that it would be folly to look at this first attempt for equal excellence to the German and French schools of the present day, who have cultivated these desirable arts with not a little success. However, let our painters' merit as regards colour be what it may, the cartoon competition last year developed such superior talent in imagination, composition, and expression, as to justify us in expecting some magnificent works, as far, indeed, as these qualities contribute to make them.

Nothing in the shape of legislation has transpired in the affair of the Art-Unions. The British Institution having closed its spring exhibition, the parties who gain prizes (presuming there should hereafter be an allotment of them) are precluded the advantage of selection from its walls.

A new Panorama from the attractive pencil of Mr. Burford opens to-day. The view, we understand, is Baalbec, which, being one of the grandest of the ruined cities in Syria, must afford materials for an interesting picture. A notice of this Panorama will appear in our next.

CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

SOUTHEY'S MONUMENT.—In October last a committee was appointed at a public meeting of the friends and admirers of the genius of Southey, when a resolution was passed that a tablet with a medallion was to be erected to his memory at Crosthwaite Church, Keswick. Since that time, however, the committee have altered their plans, for they intend to erect a shrine, with a recumbent figure of Mr. Southey upon it, from a design of Mr. J. G. Lough, and a lithographed copy of a drawing of the monument will be sent to each subscriber, with a list of the subscriptions. The subscription list is already signed by a great number of the most distinguished noblemen, prelates, literati, and others, among whom are the names of the late Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Kenyon,

Lord Ashley, Lord Mahon, the Earl of Leven, Viscount Melville, the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Justice Coleridge, Mr. Justice Patteson, Mr. W. Wordsworth, poet laureate, Mr. S. Rogers, the late Mr. T. Campbell, Professor Sedgwick, the Hon. Mr. Curzon, &c.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.—The monument to Sir David Wilkie is now erected in the church of Culz. It is truly an exquisite work of art, designed and executed by a man whose strength of mind, brilliant imagination, correct taste, accurate principles, and graceful position are all fully brought out in the admirable and striking likeness of Sir David. The drapery, too, is in excellent harmony with the other parts of the monument. The inscription is as follows:—"Sacred to the Memory of Sir David Wilkie, R.A. Principal Painter in Ordinary in England, and Limner for Scotland, to King George 4th, King William 4th, and Queen Victoria. Born at Culz, 18th November, 1785. Died 1st of June, 1841; buried at sea, off Cape Trafalgar. As the painter of domestic scenes, his works were the ornament alike of the palace and the cottage. Through life he was guided and animated by those sacred principles to which he had often listened, when a boy, in this place from a father's lips. In order to acquire the accurate means of illustrating by his art the history of our Saviour, he departed for the Holy Land, and died on the homeward voyage. This tablet is erected by his affectionate sister in 1844." Sir David Wilkie is placed on the east, and the monument to his father and mother, by Chantrey, on the west of the pulpit, each of them within a few inches of it.—*Scotch paper*.

The Broken Jar. by Wilkie, sold the other day at Peter Coxe's sale, has passed into the collection of Mr. Sheepshanks; and Shakspere's *Venus and Adonis*, of 1594, into the library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.—The exhibition of works sent in, pursuant to notices issued by her Majesty's Commissioners of Fine Arts, in May and July, 1843, with a view to assist them in the selection of persons to be employed in the decoration of portions of the New Houses of Parliament, will be thrown open to the public on Monday next, at Westminster Hall. The subjects included in the present exhibition, by the terms of the notices, are limited to the following departments of art:—1. Models of statues of British Sovereigns and illustrious personages, to be subsequently executed in bronze or marble, for the decoration of the new palace. The works to be ideal or portrait, statues, or groups; the subjects being left to the choice of the respective artists. The specimens, not exceeding two in number, to be sent by each artist, may be either prepared for the occasion, or selected from works already executed by him within five years, but the dimensions of each work must be on the scale of an erect human figure, not less than three nor more than six feet. 2. Specimens of fresco painting, executed on portable frames, each specimen to be composed of not less than two applications of the superficial mortar, so as to exhibit the skill of the artist in joining the work of two or more days. Each exhibitor in this department is at liberty to send a cartoon as a specimen of his ability in design and composition. The reception of subjects closed on the 15th inst., the original period having been extended one week on the petition of a large body of artists. The work of arrangement, however, has been progressing during the last fortnight. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Coborne, the Earl of Lincoln, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Mahon, Lord John Russell, Sir R. Inglis, and several other commissioners, inspected the exhibition on Friday last. The commissioners, who were conducted through the hall by Mr. Eastlake and Mr. Barry, are understood to have expressed themselves much gratified with the general character of the works, but, in the exercise of their judgment it was thought advisable to exclude many subjects in the fresco department, as not possessing sufficient artistic merit to entitle them to a place in the exhibition. The models for works in sculpture are both numerous and interesting. These occupy the centre of the hall, and being most favourably placed for observation, will probably form the most attractive feature in the forthcoming exhibition. The frescoes, with their accompanying cartoons, are also numerous, and it is said, that some of them evince a very satisfactory degree of talent in this interesting branch of art. From their limited size, however, none of the subjects exceeding eight feet in their longest dimension, and from the large number which it has been thought right to exclude, the walls of the hall do not present so well-covered an appearance as on the recent occasion of the cartoon exhibition. It is expected that her Majesty will honour the exhibition with a visit previous to its being opened to the public on Monday next.

MR. BRIGHT'S SALE.—The Thoresby and Walpole volume of York Miracile Plays was sold on Tuesday last for the heavy amount of 305*l.*; just 70*l.* more

than it realized at the Strawberry Hill sale. The Caesar Letters were sold for 61*l.* and a volume of Treasury Warrants, from the Caesar Collection, for 30*l.* 10*s.* The Psalter sold for 22*s.*, the Poems and Plays of Lord Brooke for 11*l.* 11*s.* and the Chaucer for 70*l.* to Lord Ashburnham. A MS. on vellum, of the 13th century, *Registrum Monasterium de Wardon*, was sold for 95*l.*; on a previous occasion, when it was passed under the hammer of the auctioneer, it was sold, with two other volumes, for 3*s.* 6*d.* At the Caesar sale, the volume of Treasury Warrants was sold, with two others, for 30*s.*

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

CANINE AFFECTION.—A boy belonging to Camlachie, when he was a little urchin, about 12 years ago, got a pup, which he reared, and has since kept as his own, and the warmest attachment has subsisted between them. The boy, who is poor, has frequently shared his scanty meal with his dog, and frequently the dog's share was the largest. Some time ago the boy got employment in a dyework at Camlachie, and at every meal and every morning the dog accompanied the boy part of the way on his return from his father's house in Crowpoint to the dyework at Camlachie-bridge. One day lately the poor boy missed his footing while crossing a vat filled with boiling liquid, and tumbled headlong into it, and he was so severely and dangerously scalded that he had to be carried home. The dog, which was at home, no sooner saw the boy in distress, than he set up a dismal howl, and was with difficulty prevented from jumping upon him. The boy was taken immediately to the Infirmary, where he still lies in a dangerous state. The dog was forcibly prevented from following him, yet he refused again to enter the boy's house, and sat in despair a little way from it, uttering incessant dismal cries. He was offered food and drink, and refused them, and he continued all that day and the following night sitting in one position, whining and howling most pitifully. In the morning he was paralytic, and could scarcely drag his hind legs after him. His brain was evidently oppressed, and he died before mid-day, a victim to intense grief.—*Glasgow Journal.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

ART.

MACKENZIE, F.—Architectural Antiquities of the Collegiate Chapel of St. Stephen, Westminster. By Frederick Mackenzie. Large atlas folio, half-morocco, 4*l.* 4*s.* Scripture Prints. Edited by James R. Hope, D.C.L. Part I. Old Testament Series, from the Frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican, folio, 6 plates, 9*s.* Paton, N.—Compositions from Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, Oblong folio, half-bound, 12 plates and letter-press, 12*s.*

Hemingway, J.—Panorama of the Beauties, Curiosities, and Antiquities of North Wales. By J. Hemingway, 4th edit. corrected and improved, 12*mo.* pp. 342, map and plates, cloth, 5*s.* Greenwich.—The Pictorial Guide to Greenwich. Fcap. pp. 44, with 23 engravings, boards, 1*s.*; sewed, 6*d.*

BIOGRAPHY.

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